The Bookman.

The success of the first number of THE BOOKMAN has far exceeded the most sanguine hopes of the Publishers. In a very short time after publication the First Edition of Ten Thousand Copies was exhausted. A Second Edition was printed, and being sold off at once, was immediately followed by a Third Edition, which was also quickly disposed of.

SOME OPINIONS OF No. I.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN has received the following from Mr. Gladstone:—"*Mr. Gladstone, with his compliments, thanks the Editor of* THE BOOKMAN *for the number kindly sent him. It has appeared to him highly interesting and attractive.*"

Mr. H. W. Lucy, in the Sheffield Independent.

"*The first number is excellent in every way—paper, print, and contents. It is enriched by an engraving from a rare portrait of Tennyson, taken, one would judge, when he was about twenty-eight.* THE BOOKMAN *is a periodical something after the fashion of the 'Athenæum,' but it promises to be a little more up to date, and has about it a certain workmanlike style which is very attractive.*"

Pall Mall Gazette.

"THE BOOKMAN *has made its appearance, and promises well. Most of the gossip is fresh and interesting. A beautiful early portrait of Lord Tennyson is issued as a supplement.*"

St. James's Gazette.

"THE BOOKMAN, *the new monthly magazine 'for bookreaders, bookbuyers, and booksellers,' has made an excellent beginning. It has several pages of neatly-written, if not always very pertinent, gossip, and a number of capital articles.*"

The Record.

"*There can be only one opinion as to the first number of* THE BOOKMAN, *the new magazine published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It is a distinct success. The opening issue is obviously meant to convince us that, whatever the defects of the new periodical may be, dulness will not be amongst them. The reviews are fresh and adequate. Upon the whole, as we have said, the start is successful, and as it is a hard thing to turn out a good first number, we may take it that the future of* THE BOOKMAN *is assured.*"

The Speaker.

"*The first number of* THE BOOKMAN *has appeared during the present week, and is full of promise, though the paragraphs of gossip which it contains are in some cases of very unequal interest. There is ample room for a monthly journal devoted to literary affairs. It is, indeed, surprising that we should have had to wait so long the appearance of such a periodical.*"

The Glasgow Herald.

"THE BOOKMAN *is so interesting and readable from cover to cover that it deserves to succeed.*"

The Morning Post.

"*The first number of* THE BOOKMAN *contains much that is not only readable, but worth reading.*"

The Rock.

"*In its plan it is original and comprehensive, and is remarkable for the variety of its excellent features. The incisive and thoroughly sound criticism of authors and their books will make* THE BOOKMAN *welcome to a sphere of activity sadly in need of insight and honest words.*"

The Anti-Jacobin.

"THE BOOKMAN *makes a promising beginning.*"

Vanity Fair.

"*It is admirably got up, well edited, and includes a very excellent reproduction of an early portrait of Alfred Tennyson, by Samuel Lawrence. The price of the journal is sixpence; and it should apparently be a success as a high-class literary review if subsequent numbers can be kept up to the level of the first.*"

Church Bells.

"THE BOOKMAN, *like everything else that comes from its accomplished editor, is a distinct success.*"

North British Daily Mail.

"*It is a decided acquisition to the best class of our monthly periodicals. Its contents include 'News Notes,' full of current literary gossip, with anecdotes and good stories here and there, and such announcements as are necessary to keep the reader 'posted' in all that is going on in the world of letters. . . .* THE BOOKMAN *provides a* vade mecum *for everybody who reads or writes. It is well produced—its ample pages are so printed that it is a pleasure to read them. We should not omit to note the Tennyson portrait presented with the first number—a work worth framing.*"

The Bradford Observer.

"*As to its contents, they are excellent from cover to cover. The gossip is fresh and lively, and there are at least three articles of first-rate and thoroughly original literary interest. These are, the opening chapter of a series of recollections of Thomas and Mrs. Carlyle and their circle; a most beautifully written sketch of Sir Richard Burton at Damascus, from an extremely friendly point of view—by, I believe, an old intimate of his, and a well-known public man; and, finally, a deeply interesting identification of the originals of the towns and stretches of country in Mr. Hardy's novels.*"

The Irish Times.

"*I do not hesitate to recommend it most heartily to all who belong to the three classes of 'bookreaders, bookbuyers, and booksellers,' for whom it is started. The 'News Notes' are admirably written, and, moreover, fully deserve both words of their title. Then there are several articles, the most* a propos *of which is the work of Rudyard Kipling. That is not only timely, but most helpful and interesting.*"

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The Bookman

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* October *will be noticed in the* November *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th November, *in the* December *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

As we go to press the reports of Professor Jowett are more hopeful. It is much to be hoped that the Master may be able to complete his 'Life of Christ,' which, as mentioned in Principal Tulloch's biography, was to be on quite different lines from anything as yet attempted.

Professor Minto is editing, not writing, a memoir of the late William Bell Scott. The memoir is autobiographical. Mr. Scott conceived the project of writing it early in life, and as he was a keen and genial observer, and had the gift of graphic description, and during the fifty years of his active life came in contact with many interesting persons, artistic and literary, it is full of interest and is a real contribution to literary history.

Mr. George Gissing will have another novel ready very soon. He has chosen his subject from the world of politics.

Mr. Oscar Wilde is writing a story which will be a study of Christianity from the standpoint of one who regards it as a great world-force, and independently of any doctrinal bias. One of the scenes will be laid in the Holy Land, but the story will deal with modern, not early, Christianity.

The impending resignation of the Dean of Christ Church has evoked a short article, with many semicolons, from the most eloquent member of the College. It appeared in the *Guardian*, October 21st. It is worth recalling that the Dean's second daughter, Miss Alice Liddell, who was married in 1880 to Mr. Reginald Hargreaves, of Cuffnells, near Lyndhurst, was the young lady for whose pleasure 'Alice in Wonderland' was written.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who is hard at work on the programme of his new magazine, has left Chelsea Gardens, and is now living at Alpha-terrace, Regent's Park. Mr. George B. Burgin, who is contributing the serial story, 'A Quaker Girl,' to *Cassell's Magazine*, and whose bright "interviews" were the leading feature of the now defunct *Magazine and Book Review*, is for the present acting as Mr. Jerome's literary secretary. Mr. Burgin is also the honorary secretary of the Vagabond Club, which was founded by the late Philip Bourke Marston, and which musters among its members Messrs. Jerome, F. W. Robinson, J. M. Barrie, Bernard Partridge, J. T. Nettleship, C. N. Williamson, Alfred Calmour, I. Zangwill, Eden Phillpotts, and Milnes Patmore. The "Vagabonds" pay no subscription and have no club-house, but meet and dine together, on the first Friday in the month, at the Mitre Tavern, Chancery-lane.

Various reports as to Mr. Stevenson's health and plans come from over the sea. According to some he has regained his health, and with it a keen longing to be back in the busy world again. A correspondent of the *New York World*, on the contrary, describes him as having made up his mind to live and die in Upolu. His home is said to be in a Paradise, "the dreamiest spot on the face of the earth." He cleared enough of the virgin forest to make room for his house and lawn, leaving abundant shade all round. Indeed, on the mountain-side probably no human being ever passed through the dense forest. Yet in this lonely spot he is still a busy worker.

Apropos of the forthcoming volume of collected articles by "E. B. Lanin," it will be of interest to many to learn that the writer who conceals his identity under that designation is a Scotchman.

The truth about Mr. Hall Caine's projected visit to Russia is this: Two or three years ago he wrote a short story, which was only a draft for a longer one. This story, which was printed and published technically, in order to secure a copyright in the title, etc., dealt with the Jewish question in Russia. The longer book has not yet been written, though we believe it is sold in advance for serial publication (after the manner of such works) to a syndicate of newspapers—the syndicate of Messrs. Tillotson. Mr. Hall Caine was gathering materials for the story, and contemplating a visit to the scene of it, when the attention of the Jewish people in England was directed to the 'Scapegoat,' then appearing in the *Illustrated London News*, and the idea was conceived by some of them that no author was better fitted to direct attention to the sufferings of the Russian Jews than he who had pictured the awful condition of the Jews of Morocco. Out of that came the suggestion of which the public has already heard something. But it

will seriously interfere with Mr. Hall Caine's chances of gaining a true knowledge of the life of the Jews in Russia if the notion should gain ground that he is to be the employé and special commissioner of any Jewish society whatever. The journalists who conveyed that impression probably did not at the moment of doing so reflect upon the jealous character of all forms of Russian officialdom. To correct that damaging error Mr. Hall Caine wrote a letter to the *Times*.

Mr. Arthur J. Balfour will form the subject of the character sketch in the November *Review of Reviews*. It was Mr. Stead, by the way, who wrote the unsigned article on the Irish Secretary, under the heading, "Studies in Character," in an early number of the *New Review*.

The next volume of Mr. Charles Booth's 'Life and Labour' series will be of peculiar interest in view of the pressing importance of the labour question at the present moment. Mr. Booth is undertaking a complete investigation of the Trade Unions new and old, applying his now well-known methods of research. It will be a valuable addition to the series.

Mr. William Saunders, L.C.C., is preparing a work on 'The First London County Council,' which will be interesting to all who either hate or love that last-born child of the democratic spirit. It will be on the same plan as his books on the Parliaments of 1881 and 1885.

We are glad to learn that Mr. William Morris, Socialist and poet, who has been seriously unwell during the past few months, is now on a fair way to recovery. He is at present engaged upon a 'History of Socialism,' which is nearly ready for the press.

The Life of Mrs. Booth, in the preparation of which Mr. Booth-Tucker, with the assistance of his wife, is busily engaged, will not be issued until General Booth has had an opportunity of perusing the proof-sheets. The Life will be mainly autobiographical, and among the letters of Mrs. Booth, many of which will be incorporated in the work, there will be some interesting communications, written in her single and early married life, and addressed to William Booth.

The new edition of Van Dyke's 'Poetry of Tennyson' will contain a good deal of additional matter, which may be expected to be of considerable value, seeing that personal assistance has been given by the poet himself.

A very interesting volume of eighteenth century letters and reminiscences will be published shortly by the Clarendon Press, under the title of 'The Whiteford Papers.' They are being edited by Mr. W. A. S. Hewins, who organised the Summer Meeting at Oxford in 1889 and 1890, and will include letters from Benjamin Franklin, Garrick, Dr. Johnson, and many other great figures of the century of prose and reason. The Clarendon Press will publish the book in guinea form, and it will probably be an important contribution to the literary history of the last century.

The same editor, Mr. W. A. S. Hewins, is contributing to the series of Extension manuals a volume on the economic history of the seventeenth century. Mr. Hewins is an indefatigable investigator, and he has succeeded in unearthing a great many more wage-returns than ever Professor Thorold Rogers laid his hands upon. Closer investigation scarcely bears out Thorold Rogers' somewhat hasty assumption of a deliberate attempt on the part of the upper classes in England, carried on over two centuries, to oppress those beneath them.

The death of Herman Melville, the author of 'Typee' and other works, recalls to one's memory the quantity of good literature which was published by John Murray in his Home and Colonial Library. Many of the volumes in that series are still worthy of reproduction, and it seems singular that Albemarle Street does not see its way to re-issue a considerable number of these books at popular prices.

Miss Lily Dougall, the author of 'Beggars All,' is engaged on a new novel dealing with Canadian life.

A collection of Roumanian folk-songs, brought together with infinite trouble, and translated into English, is now in the press. Carmen Sylva's name is associated with the translation, but it is understood that the greater part of it is the work of Mrs. Peter Harrison (Alma Strettell), the sister of Mrs. Comyns Carr.

Some advance sheets of the volume the first part of which will be called 'Lute Players' Songs,' have come into our hands, and from these we judge that the poems have a very distinct poetic flavour of their own, which does not seem to have been lost in the process of translation.

The memoirs of Lady Hamilton are about to be reprinted in demy 4to form. A new light will be thrown on the career of the heroine by the mass of fresh material contained in it. The volume will contain a miniature portrait of Lady Hamilton, from the picture found in Lord Nelson's cabin after his death, and portraits of Lady Hamilton after Lawrence, several from miniatures (one furnished by Mr. Gladstone). In all there will be nearly fifty illustrations. Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall will issue the book.

Mr. Frith's 'Memorials of John Leech' will be out in November. It has turned out a work of considerable labour, as Leech's life was uneventful. The first edition (one thousand copies) is already sold.

Mrs. Graham R. Tomson, whose name is familiar to readers of *Longman's Magazine*, and whose volume of poems, 'The Bird-Bride,' was very favourably received, is to remain for two months longer at Seaford, in Sussex, where she is reading the proofs of two new books.

A Madagascar missionary, who wrote to Browning asking the historical foundation for his 'Ride from Ghent to Aix,' received the following letter from Mr. Browning:—"19, Warwick Crescent, W., December 7th, 1882.—Dear Sir,—There was no historical foundation for 'The Ride, etc.' I

wrote it at sea, above forty years ago, off the coast of Africa, on the cover of a book I was reading under the bulwark of the ship. A good gallop *in imagination*—that is all the 'fact.'—Yours very truly, ROBERT BROWNING."

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, the American poet and novelist, whose weekly literary letter in the *Boston Herald* is so widely read in America, and who arrived in England last June, sailed for home on October 21st. Mrs. Moulton has been busy with the posthumous poems of Philip Bourke Marston, which have been edited by her, and to which she prefixes a biographical Introduction. A portrait of Mrs. Moulton, and an article upon her and her work, will shortly appear in *Great Thoughts*.

There seems to be a growing interest in the history and work of the poet Cowper. We hear that Dr. John Brown, of Bedford, the able biographer of John Bunyan, has been studying the subject of late with a view to publication.

Mr. John Addington Symonds is at present engaged upon a new 'Life of Michael Angelo.' Mr. Symonds enjoys special opportunities for doing the work. His long residence in Italy and his works on Italian literature and art are a guarantee that the 'Life of Michael Angelo' will be thoroughly dealt with.

Mr. Edward Whymper's great book, 'Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator,' is at length on the eve of publication, and is promised for November. It has been promised for several years, but it is well worth waiting for. Mr. Murray exhibited some of the illustrations last year, and in those days of "process" work the wood engravings were a delight to the eye. The price of the volume will be 21s.

The Arundel Society have recently published the Life of Bartolomeo Colleoni, written by Mr. Oscar Browning. The materials used have been gathered from the works of Spino Bonomi and the valuable Life by Professor Rosa. In addition to these sources of information, Mr. Browning has been able to add many interesting notes copied from Venetian Archives relating to Colleoni, and not previously published. The work is enriched by seven fine etchings, printed by Lemercier, of Paris.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co. will shortly issue a shilling paper-cover edition of 'A Dead Man's Diary.' A pirated edition at 25 cents is selling freely in the States.

The same publishers have also in preparation a library edition of Dr. Conan Doyle's 'A Study in Scarlet,' which appeared originally as 'Beeton's Christmas Annual.' It is to be published at 3s. 6d., and will contain forty illustrations by Mr. George Hutchinson.

"Lawrence I. Lynch," whose detective stories have an enormous sale in England, America, and Australia, is about to publish, through Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co., a novel entitled 'A Slender Clue.' Those who have read 'Morna,' 'Shadowed by Three,' or any other of "Lawrence I. Lynch's" detective tales, will be surprised to hear that the writer is a woman.

The December issue of the 'Minerva Library of Famous Books' will consist of Sir Joseph Hooker's volume of travels in the Himalayas.

Dr. George Macdonald has just completed a volume of sermons, and is now revising them for the press.

We understand that the Christmas number of the *Queen* will contain portraits of the leading English-speaking poetesses.

One of the most interesting books of the season, it is anticipated, will be Mrs. Grimwood's Narrative of her Escape from Manipur. Messrs. Bentley announce that it will be ready on November 5th.

If Lady Dufferin's Canadian Journals are written in as interesting a style as her Vice-Regal Life in India, it will be a volume of considerable attraction, although it is rather ancient history to write about events in 1872 to 1878. The volume will be issued on November 10th, and the price will be 12s.

The Rev. Dr. Stubbs, Senior Fellow and Bursar of Trinity College, is at work upon a second volume of his 'History of the University of Dublin.' He intends to carry down his story to the present time, and, if possible, to have the work ready for the Tercentenary Celebration of the foundation of Trinity College next summer, when a large assembly of *literati* is expected.

We regret to announce that the Rev. Frederick Arnold, B.A. (Christ Church, Oxford), died suddenly on Thursday, October 15th. Mr. Arnold was the author of 'Three-Cornered Essays,' 'The Philosopher in Slippers,' 'Arm Chair Essays,' 'Our Bishops and Deans,' 'Robertson of Brighton,' 'Turning Points in Life,' 'Some Literary and Clerical Reminiscences,' and other works. 'Three-Cornered Essays,' which bore the signature of "A Middle-Aged Englishman," ran into several editions. Mr. Arnold was a genial and lovable man, and the pleasantest of company. He was a contributor to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and to most of the reviews and journals, and had a very wide literary acquaintance. 'The Reminiscences of C. S. Calverley,' which appeared a year or two ago in *Temple Bar*, were from his pen, and one of his gossipy essays, 'On the State of the Tide,' appears in the October number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. Many of his essays were printed in *Murray's Magazine*, and he was a constant contributor to the *Church Quarterly Review*, the *Newbery House Magazine*, and other Church of England publications. During the last few years he wintered abroad (generally in the South of France or Algeria), but he always spent the summer in England.

Dr. Cheyne is writing a reply to Mr. Gladstone's article on "Ancient Beliefs in a Future State" for the *Nineteenth Century*.

Dr. Milligan's lectures on "The Ascension and Heavenly Priesthood of our Lord" are now passing through the press, and will be ready in a few weeks.

The great interest taken in Old Testament criticism at present is shown by the rapid sale of Canon Driver's Introduction to the Old Testament, the first volume of Messrs. T. and T. Clark's admirably planned "International Theological Library." Professor Cheyne will review this work in an early number of the *Expositor*.

Professor Agar Beet, the famous Wesleyan commentator, is engaged on a treatise on Systematic Theology, which will be published in several volumes.

The Rev. G. Adam Smith, M.A., of Aberdeen, will contribute papers on his recent tour in the East to *Good Words* and the *Expositor* during 1892.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish early next year the opening volumes of an important series of Bible Class Manuals, by Dr. Alexander Maclaren, of Manchester. The series will probably cover the parts of the Bible most suitable for teaching to classes.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish immediately 'The Sabbath in Puritan New England.' The book is mainly made up of the charming articles contributed by the authoress, Alice Morse Earle, to the *Atlantic Monthly*.

There is a prospect of two new commentaries on the Bible. The first, which has been long talked of, is under the editorial supervision of Professor Paul Haupt, of John Hopkins University, America. Six volumes of about one thousand pages each will complete the work. The Hexateuch is to be edited by Drs. Driver and Cheyne; Messrs. C. G. Montefiore, I. Abrahams, and R. Martineau—an odd selection, but one which will probably justify itself.

The next is only in the preliminary stage. It is to be purely English, and will probably be called the 'Oriental Commentary.' The object is to produce a kind of Kitto up to date, and explaining fully the Biblical references to Oriental manners. The project is in charge of two well-known scholars who have lived much in the East, and have rather taken a stand against the higher criticism.

A gentleman in Birmingham having applied to his booksellers for a copy of Guthrie's 'Great Interest,' received this reply: "Guthrie's 'Great Interest' all returned to the author."

The country booksellers were well represented at Mr. Quaritch's trade sale dinner, held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Friday, October 16th. Among the principal buyers were Mr. Howell, Liverpool; Mr. Downing, Birmingham; and Mr. Commins, Exeter. Mr. Quaritch announced that another twelve months would complete his jubilee of fifty years' connection with the trade, and that after next year he intended to discontinue his sale dinners.

The Minerva Library issue of Mrs. Gaskell's 'Mary Barton' has been exceedingly well received. Mrs. Gaskell's daughters, who are still living in the house which their mother occupied in Manchester, have written to say that they "cannot possibly express how much, how very deeply, they admire and appreciate the biographical and critical introduction" with which Mr. G. T. Bettany, the editor of the Minerva Library, has prefixed the volume; and add that "the way in which Mr. Bettany has probed to the very core of Mrs. Gaskell's heart and soul" is, in their opinion, "quite wonderful" in one who never knew her.

Notwithstanding the enormous success of Green's 'Short History of the English People' in its popular form, the sale of the first part of the illustrated edition has far exceeded the expectations of the publishers.

Messrs. R. Bentley and Son have printed on the back of their 'Trade Sale Catalogue' a most interesting list of their *Standard Novels and Romances* published between 1831 and 1854 (embracing 126 volumes) by many of our best-known authors, such as Marryat, Jane Porter, Jane Austen,' J. Fenimore Cooper, Bulwer, and Miss Ferrier. The total cost of the production of these books, they intimate, was £88,000. This seems an enormous amount when it is remembered that authors were not paid the sums for literary labour which are current nowadays.

Messrs. Dent's re-issue of Love Peacock's works promises well, the first volume, 'Headlong Hall,' having had a rapid sale. We understand that the large paper edition is quite out of print.

Mr. Edwin Pearce, compiler of the 'General Book Catalogue,' has become a member of the firm of Barnicott and Sons, publishers, Taunton.

Booksellers abroad report that three copies of the 'Brown Tauchnitz,' as Heinemann's continental issue of English books is popularly called, are sold for one of the older series, of which it is a rival.

Messrs. Howe and Co.'s "Everybody's Series" of complete novels will be issued in November. The first volumes of the series will be 'Jane Eyre,' 'Jacob Faithful,' and 'Rory O'More,' to be followed in December by 'Rienzi.'

Messrs. Hodges and Figgis will publish in a few weeks a 'Handbook of Irish Antiquities: Pagan and Christian,' by that well-known veteran archæologist, Mr. W. F. Wakeman. It is a new and enlarged edition of a work originally published in 1849. It will be divided into four parts, the first dealing with Pagan antiquities: pillar stones, sepulchral remains, funeral rites, stone circles, and raths; the second with Christian antiquities: oratories, churches, crosses, and Round Towers. The third part will treat of Anglo-Irish remains, while the fourth will consist of miscellaneous notices. Mr. Wakeman has peculiar qualities fitting him to produce such a book. He shares with Professor Tyndall the rare honour that he is one of the surveyors of the original workers in the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, which began in the thirties. In the Ordnance Papers and Letters now preserved in the Royal Irish Academy there exist many drawings, the work of Mr. Wakeman's pencil fifty years ago. Yet he is still strong and active, and as keen as ever in the work of archæological study.

The same publishers are bringing out specimens of the early native poetry of Ireland, with translations by Miss Brooke, J. C. Mangan, Sir Samuel Ferguson, and the late Dr. Anster, of Trinity College, with notes by H. R. Montgomery, and a portrait of the celebrated Irish bard, Carolan.

We have noticed, writes a well-known firm, within the past few weeks quite a run on first editions of the Laureate's poems and dramas—'Queen Mary,' 'The Lover's Tale,' and, in fact, nearly all the later volumes which could be picked up all over the place for a trifle have gone up fifty per cent. at least.

One of our correspondents writes:—One of the best selling books of the month has been the translation of Von Moltke's 'History of the Franco-German War of 1870-71,' issued by Messrs. Osgood in two volumes. We trust the book will soon be published in a cheaper form, when a very much greater sale may be confidently expected.

We have much pleasure in printing the following from Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co.:

In your October issue you stated that a bookseller had written you that while the *edition de luxe* of Sir Walter Scott's novels published by Messrs. Ward "is excellent in illustrations, paper, and type, his customers object so much to the binding that he has ceased to keep it in stock." May we call his and your attention to the fact that the issue of the 'Waverley Novels' is to be had in two kinds of binding—one plain and tasteful, as we think you will agree, after looking at the copy we send you, and another which is got up in a more showy way, not by our own choice, but by the express desire of many booksellers, who declare that a large number of buyers do not appreciate the more simple and tasteful binding; and, as you have given publicity to one letter about the series, we ask that in fairness to us you will publish another letter which we received in March last, and which, as the writer is an entire stranger to us, is a genuine and spontaneous testimony.

8, Talfourd Road, Peckham, *10th March*, 1891.

GENTLEMEN,—The further volume of your illustrated edition of the Waverley Novels, namely 'Redgauntlet,' having come to hand, I beg leave to congratulate you upon the excellence of the production. It is sufficient to establish the reputation of any publishing house, and is excellent in every respect, whether you consider the type, the paper, the binding, or the illustrations. The latter really illustrate the text; and the way in which the artist has caught the spirit and meaning of the author, and presented them pictorially, is surprising. 'Redgauntlet' is not the most lively of the Waverley Novels, but life and beauty are now given to it by these illustrations. I doubt if the perfect drawing and artistic talent displayed in the pictures have ever been surpassed, even if they have been equalled; and I hope that the future volumes will be benefited by the work of the same splendid artist, as I shall then consider that I have the finest edition of these novels that has ever been published. The Abbotsford Edition, good as it is, looks old-fashioned by the side of yours.

I am, gentlemen, yours sincerely,

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. FRED. RENARD.

We should like also to add that this series of Scott's Novels (in which, by-the-by, we have sunk a considerable sum) has been running for nine years, and that the last volume is the fifteenth volume.

During the last few days a report has gone abroad that Glasgow is to have a new Radical evening paper on the lines of the *Star*. The author of this scheme is said to be a well-known London journalist and member of Parliament.

House of Commons journalists will note with interest a proposal in the report of the Select Committee on the ventilation of the House, that a new ingress for fresh air should be provided below the Ladies' Gallery. But below the Ladies' Gallery, of course, is the Press Gallery, which, if this recommendation is strictly carried out, will be a remarkably well-ventilated place.

Evil-doing publishers and editors have a more terrible fate in store for them in America, it seems, than any Mr. Besant has as yet prepared for their fellow-sinners here. It is proposed to publish—happily for the recreants in a somewhat obscure journal—a "White List" of honourable periodicals and publishers. "Names spotted by deeds of injustice" will gradually drop out, as complaints against them reach the avenging journal. Editors and publishers will, it is anticipated, make as great a struggle for admission into this list as into the kingdom of Heaven; but the Editor at the White Gate will be as incorruptible as St. Peter.

The following, which appeared nearly forty years ago in the *Critic*, February 16th, 1852, and was from the pen of a journalist still working, shows the vitality of an idea. "It is an old story that there was once advertised at Leipzig Fair a 'Review of Reviews,' but really if after the word 'Reviews' there was added 'and Magazines,' such a work would nowadays be quite as useful as a review dealing solely with books."

The editor of *Murray's Magazine* has decided to discontinue the monthly book review headed "The Library List."

Miss Lawless's article in the October *Nineteenth Century* forms one of a series in which that clever lady is bringing all her power of imagination to bear upon the illustration of the Irish past, which indeed sadly needs such illumination, dealt with as it usually has been in the dreariest possible manner. Miss Lawless will shortly publish another novel after the manner of her well-known book, 'Hurrish,' dealing with life in the Isles of Arran, off the western coast of Ireland. This lady, whose literary activity seems boundless and multiform, will spend this next winter in Jamaica, and the visit will doubtless be productive of some new literary venture.

Seventy bookbinding firms in the metropolis have agreed to the following settlement of the demands of the *employés* in reference to the Eight Hours Question. The employers to have the right to engage apprentices in the proportion of one apprentice to three men, from and after the 1st January, 1892; to pay piece-work at a ten per cent. rise on the prices now given in the various shops; to pay for overtime one and a quarter ordinary time, and overtime to commence after forty-eight hours a week have been worked, time and a half to be paid after fifty-seven hours work; working hours to be forty-eight hours a week. The employers are also to do their best to abolish systematic overtime, and to make no reduction in the present rate of wages. The reference to the Printing and Allied Trades Association in a contemporary is a mistake. A very large attendance of men at a meeting in Shoreditch Town Hall ratified this agreement.

The strange story of the Hansard Union has entered another phase. It is stated that Sir Horace Davey, Q.C., has given an opinion that the Debenture Corporation acted illegally, that they were bound to apply part of the £177,800 subscribed by them in payment of their loan of £50,000, and that having failed to do so they must prove for the amount as unsecured creditors. He says further that the Receiver had no right to the plant, machinery, stock-in-trade, etc., of the Union. The shareholders are accordingly advised to enter upon litigation with the Corporation. Further, it is stated that the amounts paid for some of the

businesses were given on the faith of grossly exaggerated profits, and that the founders can be made to disgorge. Perhaps. But there is a beatitude which will occur to most people in this connection: "Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed." Perhaps the most wonderful thing about all this wonderful business is the failure of the shareholders to combine together in taking really effective action.

Professor Jebb, the new member for Cambridge University, comes of a distinguished Irish family. His grandfather was a well-known Irish Judge; his grand-uncle, Dr. Jebb, was the celebrated Bishop of Limerick. His great-grandfather was a merchant in Drogheda a hundred years ago.

Professor Palmer, of Trinity College, Dublin, is not satisfied with the edition of 'Herondas,' reviewed by us last month. He is at work upon a fresh recension of the manuscript, and doubtless, with his well-known critical power, will throw more light upon this novel discovery.

The last number of the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy contains abundant proof of the continuous literary activity of the late President, the many-sided and versatile Rev. Samuel Haughton, M.D. He contributes a paper on Newtonian Chemistry. Other papers deal with the Prehistoric Remains from Irish Sand-hills, by W. J. Knowles; on the manner of lighting houses in old times, by the Rev. J. F. Ffrench; and an elaborate Commentary on the Colloquies of Garcia de Orta on the drugs of India, by Dr. Valentine Ball, the brother of the celebrated Astronomer Royal of Ireland.

We understand that Dr. Mahaffy's great work on 'Greek Life in Egypt,' which the Royal Irish Academy has published, has gone off very rapidly, though the high price, £2 2s., would seem to be somewhat prohibitive.

The Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston's little volume on 'The Scottish Clans and their Tartans' is the very book for the tourist, who reads and runs through the tourist-land of Scotland. But one thing still remains to be done in this matter of clan-tartans—to issue, in limited edition, a work reproducing, in perfect coloured facsimile, every surviving example of *old* clan-tartan, with an exact and sifted record of what is ascertainable of the history of each fragment. When this has been done the needs of the collector and the antiquary shall have been served also.

The Heraldic Exhibition recently held in Edinburgh, the first public British collection devoted to the subject, has met with a success which has both surprised and gratified its promoters; and the subscription illustrated edition of the catalogue (limited to 250 copies), which is to portray its chief treasures, is already all but fully taken up. Its issue is limited to 250 copies; among its plates will be fac-similes, in gold and colours, of the earliest known English and Scottish Grants of Arms; the famous and scarce Scottish set of heraldic playing-cards; and a series of Percy seals, the plates of which were used by the Duke of Northumberland in his privately issued history of the house, and are now placed at the disposal of the editorial committee of the catalogue.

As an example of the stimulus given by the exhibition to the study of heraldry, it may be mentioned that more applications for Grants of Arms were made to the Lyon Office in one of the months during which it was open than during the whole previous year; and a Liverpool correspondent informs us that the *Ex Libris* dealers there are telling their customers that all their fine heraldic book-plates have been sent to Edinburgh.

We can hardly, however, ascribe to the same cause the restoration of the tomb of Sir George Mackenzie, in the Greyfriars Churchyard of Edinburgh, which has now been undertaken, and is to be carried out by Dr. Rowand Anderson. This grim Jacobean mausoleum—as readers of the most picturesque of Louis Stevenson's 'Picturesque Notes on Old Edinburgh' will remember—was a haunted and terrible place to all old Edinburgh schoolboys, as the grave of the "Bluidy Mackenzie," so named for his severity towards the Covenanters; but his memory has a sweeter sound in the ear of the bookman than of the religionist, for he was the founder of the great Advocates' Library, and author of the first Scottish treatise on 'The Science of Herauldry.'

Various circumstances, among the rest the death of Mr. Annan of Glasgow, have retarded the publication of a series of reproductions of remarkable calotype portraits, taken in 1843-4, which was announced by Mr. Andrew Elliot, of Edinburgh, as forthcoming some years ago; but its appearance, very shortly, may now be confidently expected. These calotypes, taken from paper negatives, by the technical manipulation of Robert Adamson, under the artistic supervision of D. C. Hill, R.S.A., and now reproduced by the Messrs. Annan of Glasgow, are distinguished by an unusual breadth and pictorial quality in their arrangement and chiaroscuro; and they include nearly all the Scottish—and many of the English—celebrities of the period from which they date. The likenesses of Mrs. Jameson, William Etty, R.A., and Professor Munro, *Tertius*, are especially fine examples, and among the others that will be included are those of Sir David Brewster, Dr. Chalmers, Jas. Gibson Lockhart, Robert Chambers, Hugh Miller, and Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. The preface will be from the pen of Mr. J. M. Gray, the Curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, who along with Professor Masson, Mr. J. R. Findlay, and others, furnishes the biographical letterpress. It speaks well for the artistic character of the work that the first subscriber's name received was that of Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.

There will be shortly published a very handsome book *de luxe* on Glasgow University. It is to cost five guineas, and will be edited by the Rev. Professor Stewart. To some extent it will be an old work recast.

A well-known journalist and man of letters in Scotland has in contemplation a work on his native country, which

he will probably entitle 'Scotland as it is.' It is proposed to make a study of the different activities of the country —agricultural, industrial, educational, ecclesiastical, and literary.

A new and illustrated edition of the works of John Galt is among "the ideas favourably entertained" by an enterprising Edinburgh publisher.

Reviewing made easy. "Read the preface and transcribe what the author himself says of the object and plan of the book. Then run through the contents, picking out a short list of the most important things. Last of all, cast a rapid glance here and there throughout, and copy out the passages that seem best. By this means you will be able easily to criticise two books an hour." Here only the modest aim at "two books an hour" savours of an earlier date than this graceless year of 1891; yet the writer never wrote for our daily papers, nor ever hurried along Fleet Street with his copy. His name is Christian Adolf Klotz, and his advice—there is much else of its satirical kind—appeared in the 'Ridicula Litteraria,' published in Altenburg in 1762. The sayings of this forgotten professor and journalist have lately been unearthed by M. Frujon for the benefit and the interests of the critics of to-day.

M. Conquet, of Paris, has announced for publication early in November 'Memoirs de Madame de Staal (Mademoiselle Delaunay). This edition will be edited by M. Vallery-Radot, who has also written a preface for the work, which will be illustrated with thirty etchings by Boisson from drawings by Delort. We understand that Mr. Nimmo has secured the right of translation, and will issue the work early in the coming year in the same form as the 'Grammont Memoirs' published by him last season, which was originally issued by M. Conquet in the French.

The time is coming, says a brilliant writer in the *Nouvelle Revue*, when everybody in France will write, and no one will read. It has all but arrived already, he declares. There is a terrible sincerity about his jeremiad over the scribbling mania, and in spite of all its exaggeration it is very wholesome reading. We commend it specially to The Bookman's *clientèle* of young authors.

Here is his account of the condition of literature in Paris. Democratic education has produced a craving for something to read. An unlimited supply of printed matter suitable to the capacity of the million is accordingly provided. Result—journalism is gossip; literature is twaddle; the critics in despair at the ceaseless manufacture of books become dilettanti; everybody that can spell turns scribbler, no one in any worthy sense reads at all, and France will soon be the despised of all Europe.

And the reason of the degeneration. M. Albalat finds it in what he calls Parisianism, boulevardism, in the fatally mistaken notion that a life devoted to letters or art must be spent in the capital. Flee from Paris, says M. Albalat, as from the wrath to come, if you have any ambition to create or to win a name that will last beyond to-morrow.

We feel drawn to quote M. Albalat's own words, so that none of the steam may go off in the translation, to show the theme he has so clearly set out in his own mind:—"L'ennemi de l'art, le fléau de notre époque, c'est le boulevard, c'est la blague, c'est la gauloiserie sceptique, la littérature de chic, la vanité de l'asphalte, l'écrivasserie au jour le jour, l'article à la course, la phrase de cigare, la critique de salon et de cercle." M. Albalat does not speak for France alone.

Some interesting details about Lavater, not hitherto published, are to be found in the account of his friendship with the Margrave Karl Friedrich von Baden, recently issued by Heinrich Funck.

Students of Schopenhauer, and there are many now in England, will be interested in the publication of a 'Schopenhauer Register.' It is designed to help his devotees to find their favourite passages with ease, and as a reference index to the persons he mentions and the quotations and authorities he makes use of. The publisher is Brockhaus, Leipzig.

A curious book by Stanislas de Guaia, called 'The Temple of Satan,' has just been published in the "Librairie du Merveilleux." It is a study of all the different kinds of sorcery, and it contains a large number of hitherto unpublished documents.

A short history of French literature dealing with the subject in a large and general way ought to be welcome in England as well as in its own country. Such a one has just been published—'Petite Histoire de la Littérature Française,' par A. Gazier (Colin)—and costs four francs. It contains an index and chronological tables.

Balzac's wit and wisdom are being extracted from his many volumes by M. Julien Lemer. It will be issued shortly under the title of 'Pensées et Maximes de Balzac.'

One of the newest of the rising novelists hails from Cuba, Señor Ramon Meza by name. His best known work, 'Mi tio el Empleado,' was published at Havana a year or two ago. On every side there are signs of a revival of Spanish literature.

All great personalities are fated to be made the mark of unflattering reminiscences in compensation for the exaggerated admiration that has been theirs. Carlyle has had his turn. Now Victor Hugo seems to be the victim. M. Edmond Biré in his 'Victor Hugo après 1830' (Perrin, 1891), and the reviewers who have upheld his treatment of the poet, have been virulent enough in tone, but it is very doubtful whether the "anecdotage" to which he has been subjected will do much to mar his reputation. We are told that 'Ruy Blas' is founded on 'The Lady of Lyons'! Also that 'Lucrèce Borgia' recalls 'Richard III.' and Webster's 'Duchess of Amalfi.' Lord Lytton would have been surprised had he heard the accusation; the others would have forgiven the plagiarism. He desired and

celebrated the growing power of Prussia. He was not a soothsayer, any more than his contemporaries, to foresee 1870. He learnt his speeches by heart. In that, at least, he sinned with many a greater orator.

In the life of Nathaniel Hawthorne, by his son, there are some pleasant pictures of Herman Melville, who died the other day. He and Hawthorne were close companions for years, and used to talk metaphysics on the Berkshire Hills for hours together.

His letters were lively, schoolboy-like productions, and that his conversation was vivid seems to be proved by the story Mrs. Hawthorne used to tell of him. One evening he described a fight which he had seen in the Pacific, and the wonders one of the savages performed with a heavy club. After he had gone, someone asked, "Where is that club with which Mr. Melville was laying about him so?" It was searched for in vain. The next time Melville came they asked him about it, "whereupon it appeared that the club was still in the Pacific island, if it were anywhere."

Hawthorne wrote of him later on: "I do not know a more independent personage. He learned his travelling habits by drifting about, all over the South Seas, with no other clothes or equipage than a red flannel shirt and a pair of duck trousers. Yet we seldom see men of less criticisable manners than he."

Mr. Edgar Fawcett has a new volume of poems ready for publication.

Having determined to write a work of fiction, how to start? A writer of several successful novels—needless to say, an American—has disclosed his plan, which is to secure a "cover situation" first of all, and "to build the nest round it." A "cover situation," it must be explained, is "one you can make a good picture of for the outside of the book, so that the public feels it must see what the picture's all about." A manufacture of "cover situations" might be a not unprofitable industry in these days of high pressure in novel-making.

We hear from America that Messrs. Houghton, Miffin and Co. are about to issue Mr. Lowell's 'Fable for Critics.' It is to be illustrated with twenty-six outline portraits of authors mentioned in the poem, taken at the time the poem was first written.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, the American author, has written a book entitled 'Monsieur Henri,' which deals with an episode of French history, and which is to be published by Messrs. Harper Brothers. Miss Guiney has also written for the *Atlantic Monthly* an article on a Dublin genius—a poet who has been dead for forty-two years, and concerning whom Miss Guiney avows everybody, with one or two exceptions, is quite ignorant, but who, she is confident, has real claims upon our attention.

An American sculptor, Mr. William Ordway Partridge, has just executed a bust of James Russell Lowell, which has been greatly admired by the Boston art-critics, some of whom are enthusiastic enough to cherish a hope of one day seeing a replica in Westminster Abbey.

In reviewing the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, the *Saturday Review* said, "George Eliot is an assumed name screening that of some studious clergyman, a Cantab, who lives or has lived the greater part of his life in the country, who is the father of a family, of High Church tendencies, and exceedingly fond of children, Greek dramatists, and dogs. This much internal evidence suggests. For ourselves, we are indifferent as to the rest."

In an article on "Our Enemies at Home," published in the *Saturday Review* for May 22nd, 1858, we find the origin of a famous phrase in Goldwin Smith's letter to Lord Beaconsfield about 'Lothair.' Speaking of the burdens cast on Lord Canning, the reviewer says, "These insults indeed ought not to make his position untenable, for an insult given to a rival under cover of official authority is *the stingless and painless insult of a coward*." The italics are ours. The first editor of the *Saturday*, John Douglas Cook, thought Goldwin Smith the ablest writer of his staff.

WHO CARES FOR CARE?

Who cares for care? I lightly trip
From day to day,
Smooth stepping-stones across the brook of life;
And as I skip
Old grandams say,
"Clotilde,
'Tis time you were a wife!"

Young Spring with me is dancing by,
And leaves his flowers;
Late violets wither though we pluck them not.
Then why not I?
Yet in these bowers
Clotilde
Has drawn the spinster's lot.

Young Love, they tell me, will not wait,
And age is lone
For withered maids who wed not while they may;
But let them prate;
A cherry crone,
Clotilde
Shall laugh as loud as they.

When autumn joys have faded quite,
And cold I lie,
Kind winds shall signal through the naked trees,
"Come, swallow-sprite,
'Tis time to fly,
Clotilde,
To sunnier lands than these."

Y. Y. 1870.

THE CARLYLES AND A SEGMENT OF THEIR CIRCLE:

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

CHAPTER II.

DURING the earlier period of my personal acquaintance with Carlyle, he was verging on his fiftieth year, and his fame was approaching its zenith. The publication, in 1837, of his 'French Revolution' had been followed, in 1838, by that, in volume-form, though still anonymously, of 'Sartor Resartus,' which he compared to a stone thrown into a sheet of water: he saw the circle of its influence constantly widening. In the succeeding year, 1839, appeared the first collective edition of his scattered essays. With 1840, he promulgated, in his thoughtful and eloquent 'Chartism,' his first direct message to the governing classes of England, pointing out to them their duty at a seemingly perilous crisis. In the year after, 1841, he printed his lectures on Heroes and Hero worship, which had crowned his success as a lecturer, his audiences at them having included persons of high social as well as intellectual distinction. Two years later, in 1843, during the revolt of the middle classes against the aristocracy, which as a body resisted the repeal of the corn laws, appeared 'Past and Present,' in its modern section full of what had become fierce and fiery protests against misgovernment and no-government alike. Meanwhile he was receiving considerable social recognition from the great: since his arrival in London he had been intimate with the best and foremost of his brother men of letters. But he had a thorn in the flesh—weak health. Headaches and insomnia were the ailments of which he most complained orally, and for the headaches I have known him make a characteristic attempt to console himself by remembering that they had afflicted some of the greatest of the early German Reformers. Scotland never sent forth a stronger man, his medical brother John said of him; but if he gained much in many ways by his migration to London—"literature written out of London," he once said to me, "has always a provincial look," not to speak of British Museum libraries and Public Record offices—he also suffered much by it. It was a trying exchange, that of the perfect stillness and pure air of his Dumfriesshire solitude, for our smoky and foggy Babylon, with its noises, to which he was morbidly sensitive, and its social excitements, which he could not altogether avoid, unless he was to remain in Chelsea, as at Craigenputtock, a lonely hermit. "Ill health has cast a funeral pall over my life," he said to me soon after I made his personal acquaintance. With better health he might have been, if not happier—one cannot well conceive Carlyle a happy man—at least not so irritable, with considerable benefit to himself and to others. Much in Carlyle and in what flowed from him was, as Goethe said of Schiller, "pathological."

At the period of which I am writing Carlyle was absorbed in the laborious task of editing and elucidating the letters and speeches of Cromwell. I had opportunities for observing the keenness and diligence of his research, seldom equalled by the most industrious of antiquaries engaged during a life-time in the composition of a county-history. An Edinburgh gentleman of some antiquarian eminence sent him a fragment of manuscript, intimating, with a flourish of trumpets, that it contained what might prove to be an important contribution to Cromwellian history. At the close of one of my occasional visits to the Chelsea household, Carlyle gave it me, saying that he could make nothing of it, and asking me, if so disposed, to endeavour to find out whether its contents could have any value for him. This was the first of a good many slight (and purely honorary) services which I was able to render him in connection with his Cromwell book. I was then so placed as to have somewhat peculiar facilities for such investigations. I found that the mysterious fragment was simply a transcript of a passage in one of the perfectly accessible newspapers of the Commonwealth time, and had, moreover, no value whatsoever. The discovery pleased Carlyle, and thenceforth there came to me, pretty frequently, notes from him, with little historical and other queries. To answer them gave me no trouble that was not a pleasure, and saved him what was worse than trouble, loss of patience and of temper. For ordinary copying work at the British Museum and elsewhere he employed an amanuensis, a forlorn-looking young Scotchman, whom he called a "much-enduring man," and whom, I observed, he treated with considerable delicacy. For something more than mere copying, however, he had himself often to visit the old reading-room of the Museum, the over-crowding, bad ventilation, and general stuffiness of which had given rise to a malady which Carlyle called "the Museum headache," and had encouraged the propagation of a maleficent organism known to others as "the Museum flea." To these inconveniences was added a confused and almost chaotic catalogue (since superseded by one far superior to it), full of perplexing cross-references and of innumerable interlineations, made in an attempt to produce something like alphabetical sequence. It was painful to see Carlyle stooping as he groped, perplexed and irritated, in the confused and confusing catalogue to find out whether the book which he wanted was in it and therefore in the library. If it was there, like every one else he had next to write on a ticket the title of the work and the press-mark, given in the catalogue, indicating where it stood on the library shelves. The book was then, and not till then, procurable. With grim humour Carlyle called this indispensable ticket "the talisman," and bestowed anything but a benison on the framers of the regulation which made necessary this, to him, harassing preliminary quest, one, moreover, sometimes altogether unsuccessful. He maintained that all that ought to be incumbent on the reader was to give the name of the book which he wanted, and that it was the duty of the librarian without more ado to find it for him. If you go, he argued, into a shop to purchase something, you are not expected to indicate to the shopman the whereabouts of the article to be purchased. What was faulty in this analogy and somewhat unreasonable in his complaint need scarcely be indicated. Thus, however, it came about that by saving him visits to the Museum and irksome hunts in quest of the talisman, my slender assistance was valued by him. Thus, too, and perhaps a little in other ways—I being, moreover, domiciled not far from him in Chelsea—there was formed for me the sort of intimacy with him that might under favourable aus-

pices arise between an obscure, insignificant youth and a man of great literary distinction, whose presence was welcomed in some of the highest circles of English society.

At last Cromwell's letters and speeches, edited and elucidated, were in the printer's hands, to be issued in two bulky and rather costly volumes; and with their appearance Carlyle's literary fame reached its zenith. It was to his own surprise, and still more to that of his publishers, that the success of his 'Cromwell' proved to be so great. According to Mrs. Carlyle, if I understood her rightly, they undertook its publication with considerable reluctance, and only on the understanding that he would give them afterwards a complete biography of Cromwell. She herself expressed satisfaction at having no longer to breathe what she called "the Cromwell atmosphere," and thought the English a singular people in having received with comparative indifference a book so interesting as 'Past and Present' to bestow on the 'Cromwell' such a cordial reception. By another member of Carlyle's family, who had not, like Mrs. Carlyle, been a daily and hourly witness of the toilsome effort which produced it, the book was welcomed more heartily than any of his previous writings. Carlyle spoke of the delight with which his pious Presbyterian mother read the large type of the Puritan hero's letters and speeches, neglecting her son's copious smaller type elucidations of them. She looked on Cromwell as on some good and great King of Israel, re-appearing on earth in English guise. The financial result of the book to Carlyle was considerable. According to report he received £1,000 for this the first edition of it. One never heard him refer to the subject, though he spoke freely enough of the very different result of the first English edition of his 'French Revolution.' In the account rendered him by its publisher when that edition was disposed of, the expenses of publication so balanced the receipts from the sales as to leave the author for all his toil and trouble exactly *nil*. The 'Cromwell' he himself predicted would be "the most lasting of all his books." It was the only work of his of which one heard him say, or rather hint, that its execution did not fall far short of his ideal.

Of course there were readers of the famous book who protested against Carlyle's presentation of Cromwell as from first to last the sincerest of men, inspired by the one desire that the Kingdom of his Father in heaven should come and His will be done on earth. On the other hand, there reached him numerous expressions of sympathetic approval of his estimate of Cromwell. Many of them were from "Evangelicals" of all communions, and Carlyle might then be heard declaring that among Evangelicals were to be found some of the best people in England. From High Churchmen he neither expected nor received any but an unfavourable verdict on Cromwell's character and career. Their view was to some extent shared even by his own familiar friend, Richard Monckton Milnes, the first Lord Houghton of after years. Milnes was professedly a Tory, though of a subdued type—"he takes mildly to his Conservatism," Carlyle said of him about this time, "and sees that it is a falling cause." In his 'One Tract More' (1841), written from the point of view of a philosophical churchman, Milnes had delivered himself of an interesting *apologia* for the growing Tractarianism and germinating Ritualism of fifty years since. Nevertheless he was among the first to recognise and proclaim Carlyle's genius and that of Emerson also. The year before the appearance of the first English edition of Emerson's Essays, with a commendatory preface by Carlyle, Milnes contributed to the *London and Westminster Review* an article on Emerson, which was the earliest recognition in any British periodical of the American philosopher's rare and peculiar merits. It appeared in the number of the review immediately following on that in which John Sterling gave a similar first and glowing recognition of Carlyle as a great and original teacher of men. Milnes's was a finely appreciative estimate, yet he showed in it a certain intellectual conservatism by a friendly protest against Emerson's "declaration of independence" in the spiritual region, and proclamation of the right and duty of every man to think for himself about everything. In spite of his general breadth of view, Milnes could not bring himself to sympathise with Puritanism. Very soon after the publication of his 'Cromwell,' Carlyle called on him and found him, as regarded the great Protector, in substantial agreement with an article contributed to the *Christian Remembrancer* by J. B. Mozley, in which Carlyle's character and estimate of Cromwell were strenuously impugned. Mozley was a prominent High Churchman of the time, whom Mr. Gladstone made a Canon, and finally Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford. Carlyle was too proud a man, and perhaps knew too much of the idiosyncrasy of his friend and junior to display any chagrin, although he would have been better pleased if Milnes had appreciated Cromwell more and Mozley on Cromwell less. Among the distinguished young men of high cultivation who admired him and courted his society, Milnes was a chief favourite. Carlyle appreciated his "sunny humanities" and cheerful contentment with a "saloon celebrity" as a poet, while Mrs. Carlyle, touching gently on what she styled his "ridicules," praised his "delightful little notes." Carlyle, however, was sometimes nettled by what appears to have been Milnes's occasional fondness for contradicting him, or saying something unpalatable merely to produce an outburst of indignant protest. Carlyle took seriously whatever sounded like serious speech. I have heard him describe Milnes as "going about talking the most palpable sophistry," which possibly amounted to nothing more than some persistent attempts to draw out Carlyle. He told me, quite good-humouredly, of a little practical joke which Milnes played on him. He received one day a visit from an American, who had been floating about rather extensively in London society. The visitor, who was homeward bound, stayed an unconscionable time. At last, when he was about to depart, he said that he could not return to the States without paying a farewell visit to Carlyle, who, Milnes had told him, "was talking of him yesterday for two hours." Carlyle had indeed been speaking of him for a considerable period on the previous day, but it was to denounce him as a bore of the first magnitude! Once, when Carlyle was in a less serene mood, and I happened to say something, I know not in what connection, of his early intimacy with Milnes, "Yes," was the reply, "he looked at you out of the boxes." After his tardy victory over circumstances, Carlyle had not

forgotten the contrast between his former poverty and the splendour and wealth of the great people who, regarding him during his painful struggle as "a curious thing"—his own expression in the Reminiscences—invited him to their banquets and receptions to be looked at and listened to—"out of the boxes." Φ

A NOVEL BY MR. OSCAR WILDE.*

By Walter Pater.

THERE is always something of an excellent talker about the writing of Mr. Oscar Wilde; and in his hands, as happens so rarely with those who practise it, the form of dialogue is justified by its being really alive. His genial, laughter-loving sense of life and its enjoyable intercourse, goes far to obviate any crudity there may be in the paradox, with which, as with the bright and shining truth which often underlies it, Mr. Wilde, startling his "countrymen," carries on, more perhaps than any other writer, the brilliant critical work of Matthew Arnold. *The Decay of Lying*, for instance, is all but unique in its half-humorous, yet wholly convinced, presentment of certain valuable truths of criticism. Conversational ease, the fluidity of life, felicitous expression, are qualities which have a natural alliance to the successful writing of fiction; and side by side with Mr. Wilde's *Intentions* (so he entitles his critical efforts) comes a novel, certainly original, and affording the reader a fair opportunity of comparing his practice as a creative artist with many a precept he has enounced as critic concerning it.

A wholesome dislike of the common-place, rightly or wrongly identified by him with the *bourgeois*, with our middle-class—its habits and tastes—leads him to protest emphatically against so-called "realism" in art; life, as he argues, with much plausibility, as a matter of fact, when it is really awake, following art—the fashion an effective artist sets; while art, on the other hand, influential and effective art, has never taken its cue from actual life. In *Dorian Gray* he is true certainly, on the whole, to the æsthetic philosophy of his *Intentions;* yet not infallibly, even on this point: there is a certain amount of the intrusion of real life and its sordid aspects—the low theatre, the pleasures and griefs, the faces of some very unrefined people, managed, of course, cleverly enough. The interlude of Jim Vane, his half-sullen but wholly faithful care for his sister's honour, is as good as perhaps anything of the kind, marked by a homely but real pathos, sufficiently proving a versatility in the writer's talent, which should make his books popular. Clever always, this book, however, seems intended to set forth anything but a homely philosophy of life for the middle-class—a kind of dainty Epicurean theory, rather—yet fails, to some degree, in this; and one can see why. A true Epicureanism aims at a complete though harmonious development of man's entire organism. To lose the moral sense therefore, for instance, the sense of sin and righteousness, as Mr. Wilde's hero—his heroes are bent on doing as speedily, as completely as they can, is to lose, or lower, organisation, to become less complex, to pass from a higher to a lower degree of development. As a story, however, a partly supernatural story, it is first-rate in artistic management; those Epicurean niceties only adding to the decorative colour of its central figure, like so many exotic flowers, like the charming scenery and the perpetual, epigrammatic, surprising, yet so natural, conversations, like an atmosphere all about it. All that pleasant accessory detail, taken straight from the culture, the intellectual and social interests, the conventionalities, of the moment, have, in fact, after all, the effect of the better sort of realism, throwing into relief the adroitly-devised supernatural element after the manner of Poe, but with a grace he never reached, which supersedes that earlier didactic purpose, and makes the quite sufficing interest of an excellent story.

We like the hero, and, spite of his, somewhat unsociable, devotion to his art, Hallward, better than Lord Henry Wotton. He has too much of a not very really refined world in and about him, and his somewhat cynic opinions, which seem sometimes to be those of the writer, who may, however, have intended Lord Henry as a satiric sketch. Mr. Wilde can hardly have intended him, with his cynic amity of mind and temper, any more than the miserable end of Dorian himself, to figure the motive and tendency of a true Cyrenaic or Epicurean doctrine of life. In contrast with Hallward, the artist, whose sensibilities idealise the world around him, the personality of Dorian Gray, above all, into something magnificent and strange, we might say that Lord Henry, and even more the, from the first, suicidal hero, loses too much in life to be a true Epicurean—loses so much in the way of impressions, of pleasant memories, and subsequent hopes, which Hallward, by a really Epicurean economy, manages to secure. It should be said, however, in fairness, that the writer is impersonal: seems not to have identified himself entirely with any one of his characters: and Wotton's cynicism, or whatever it be, at least makes a very clever story possible. He becomes the spoiler of the fair young man, whose bodily form remains un-aged; while his picture, the *chef d'œuvre* of the artist Hallward, changes miraculously with the gradual corruption of his soul. How true, what a light on the artistic nature, is the following on actual personalities and their revealing influence in art. We quote it as an example of Mr. Wilde's more serious style.

"I sometimes think that there are only two eras of any importance in the world's history. The first is the appearance of a new medium for art, and the second is the appearance of new personality for art also. What the invention of oil-painting was to the Venetians, the face of Antinous was to late Greek sculpture, and the face of Dorian Gray will some day be to me. It is not merely that I paint from him, draw from him, sketch from him. Of course I have done all that. But he is much more to me than a model or a sitter. I won't tell you that I am dissatisfied with what I have done of him, or that his beauty is such that Art cannot express it. There is nothing that Art cannot express, and I know that the work I have done, since I met Dorian Gray, is good work, is the best work of my life. But in some curious way his personality has suggested to me an entirely new manner in art, an entirely new mode of style. I see things differently, I think of them differently. I can now recreate life in a way that was hidden from me before."

Dorian himself, though certainly a quite unsuccessful experiment in Epicureanism, in life as a fine art, is (till his inward spoiling takes visible effect suddenly, and in a moment, at the end of his story) a beautiful creation. But

* 'The Picture of Dorian Gray.' By Oscar Wilde. (Ward, Lock and Co., London, New York, and Melbourne.)

his story is also a vivid, though carefully considered, exposure of the corruption of a soul, with a very plain moral, pushed home, to the effect that vice and crime make people coarse and ugly. General readers, nevertheless, will probably care less for this moral, less for the fine, varied, largely appreciative culture of the writer, in evidence from page to page, than for the story itself, with its adroitly managed supernatural incidents, its almost equally wonderful applications of natural science; impossible, surely, in fact, but plausible enough in fiction. Its interest turns on that very old theme, old because based on some inherent experience or fancy of the human brain, of a double life: of Döppelgänger—not of two *persons*, in this case, but of the man and his portrait; the latter of which, as we hinted above, changes, decays, is spoiled, while the former, through a long course of corruption, remains, to the outward eye, unchanged, still in all the beauty of a seemingly immaculate youth—"the devil's bargain." But it would be a pity to spoil the reader's enjoyment by further detail. We need only emphasise, once more, the skill, the real subtlety of art, the ease and fluidity withal of one telling a story by word of mouth, with which the consciousness of the supernatural is introduced into, and maintained amid, the elaborately conventional, sophisticated, disabused world Mr. Wilde depicts so cleverly, so mercilessly. The special fascination of the piece is, of course, just there—at that point of contrast. Mr. Wilde's work may fairly claim to go with that of Edgar Poe, and with some good French work of the same kind, done, probably, in more or less conscious imitation of it.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: A REMINISCENCE.

By Charles Lowe.

CURIOUSLY enough, it was in what might be called an arena of abstract science that I first made the acquaintance of a young man who is now one of the most distinguished littérateurs of the age. On a sunny spring morning, now, alas! a score of years ago—sunny, though the huge stove was still roaring away in the corner with a rumbling sound like the rush of an express train through a tunnel—we were sitting in the mathematical class-room of the University of Edinburgh awaiting the incoming of our dear old Professor (Kelland), I being then deep in the *Daily News* description of the German entry into Paris, when I felt a hand gently laid on my shoulder, and, turning round, beheld a young man with whose face I was quite familiar, though not yet cognisant of his name. Having always had a sharp and roving eye for varieties of type and character among my fellow-students, this particular youth had already arrested my attention by the possession of exterior qualities which marked him off strongly from the rest of his comrades—a certain grace and refinement of manner and person not very common among the academic communities of Scotland, and withal a free and unconventional air with which a black velvet jacket and flowing flaxen locks were well matched. His whole appearance was much more indicative of the poet or the æsthete than of the scientist, and yet here was this attractive youth tapping my shoulder in one of the front benches of the mathematical class. Was not my name so and so, and was not I the fellow who had sent in a poem to the editors of the *University Magazine*, of whom, he added, he was one. His co-editor, who was sitting near him engaged in the perusal of a love sonnet instead of a treatise on logarithms, was another young man of equally fascinating exterior and charming manners—Walter Ferrier, son of a St. Andrews professor and grandson of Christopher North—a young man of high aspirations and great promise too soon blasted by death; and nothing would content these *Arcades ambo* but that they should at once launch out into the literary career and try their 'prentice hand on a monthly venture entitled the *Edinburgh University Magazine*—a venture which did not last very long, and probably, indeed, received its death blow from the verses, monopolising about a third of one number, which the editors were indiscreet enough to accept from me and insert in their otherwise sparkling enough pages. It was a cantata, partly in the Lowland Scots dialect, written in imitation of one of Burns's larger pieces; and though I would give my worst enemy a very considerable *douceur* rather than that he should now rake this effusion up against me, I am at the same time pleased and proud to think that it was the means of bringing me into personal contact with Robert Louis Stevenson, for that was the name of the young man who had tapped me on the shoulder. Stevenson was, on the whole, well pleased with my poem, though he insisted on making certain editorial emendations, some of which, however, I am bound to say, did more credit to the delicacy of his taste than to the accuracy of that sense of rhythm, of which he subsequently became so great a master. From the mathematical class-room we hastened to repair to the privacy of a snug house of entertainment close by, called "The Pump," there to continue our discussion over Edinburgh ale and cold meat pies; and I cannot remember that ever I spent a more pleasant, or, indeed, a more inspiring, hour in Auld Reekie than the first one I thus passed with Robert Stevenson. From that single hour's conversation with the embryo author of 'Treasure Island' I certainly derived more intellectual and personal stimulus than ever was imparted to me by any six months' course of lectures within the walls of "good King James's College." He was so perfectly frank and ingenuous, so ebullient and open-hearted, so sunny, so sparkling, so confiding, so vaulting in his literary ambitions, and withal so widely read and well-informed—notwithstanding his youth, for he could scarcely have been out of his teens then—that I could not help saying to myself that here was a young man who had commended himself more to my approval and emulation than any other of my fellow-students. His friends, I gathered from him, were fain that he should qualify himself for the career of an engineer, in imitation of some other members of his family; but it was perfectly clear to me, privately, that his friends had chosen the wrong profession for him, and I rather think I jocosely remarked to him at the time that if ever he built a bridge or constructed a light-house, I would at once forego my claims to be a fairly good judge of capacity and character. His conversation in itself certainly impressed me with the fact that literature was his future *métier*, and this conviction was deepened by a perusal of some of the articles which he wrote for his *University Magazine*. One of these, on "The Philosophy of Nomenclature," was an amplification of a reflection from Tristram

Shandy (and how enviably familiar, too, he seemed to be with all the novelists of the last century!): "How many Cæsars and Pompeys, by mere inspiration of their names, have been rendered worthy of them! And how many are there, who might have done exceedingly well in the world, had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and Nicodemus'd into nothing;" and though the paper was not signed, yet its authorship stood revealed by the avowal: "As a schoolboy, I remember the pride with which I hailed Robin Hood, Robert Bruce, and Robert le Diable as my *name fellows*." I have made particular reference to this juvenile effusion, which betrayed the making of the future stylist and story-teller, as, in turning over a volume of his essays the other day ('Virginibus Puerisque'), I found him, in his charming paper on "The English Admirals," harping on the same favourite chord, as thus: "Men of high destinies have high-sounding names. Pym and Habakkuk may do pretty well, but they must not think to cope with the Cromwells and Isaiahs. And you could not find a better case in point than that of the English Admirals."

Young Stevenson devoted much more of his time to the fortunes of his "Magazine" than to the attainment of merit-marks in his lecture-rooms, where, indeed, his appearance was less the rule than its exception. He had a supreme contempt for plodding and prize-taking, of which he writes in his "Apology for Idleness": "They have been to school or college, but all the time they have had their eye on the medal." Stevenson himself never had his eye on the medal. He scorned the medal, and another sentence in the same essay is a pure bit of personal autobiography, as far as his academic career was concerned. "Extreme busyness," he writes, "whether at school or college, kirk or market, indicates a system of deficient vitality; while a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity." Stevenson, I say, despised the medal; he was none of your examination crammers and competition wallahs; but, on the other hand, he was as omnivorous a general reader—if chiefly, perchance, in the lighter pastures of literature—as was young Teufelsdröckh in the university library of Weissnichtswo; and he has already reaped his reward for having thus followed the bent of his own tastes in spite of the spirit and formulas of his time. The fame to which he has attained has not at all surprised me; but I cannot help observing that there is one element in his literary workmanship which has always been a puzzle to me, and that is his perfect mastery of Lowland Scotch, as this language was spoken, among others, by David Balfour, of Shaws, and Alan Breck Stewart. As a spoken tongue, the language of Burns is fast falling into disuse, especially in the urban and more educated communities of Scotland; nor among the gentry and upper middle classes would you now find many, if any, who could hold their own in a Doric dialogue with an Angus or a Lothian peasant, as this could have been done, for example, by Walter Scott, to whom the speech of Allan Ramsay was the vernacular of his father's fireside. Nothing in the talk, accent, or manner of Stevenson suggested that his education had been anything but purely English, or that he was not a child of the new time in Scotland, with all its Anglicising and obliterating tendencies. And yet I am sure that the Wizard of the North himself never handled the "braid Scotch" with more purity and skill than has been done by the delineator of the "Master of Ballintrae"—a fact which must add another bright ray to that lustrous star of his fame, of which I have watched the course with a special interest and admiration ever since it began to show above the lofty, rugged outlines of Arthur's Seat, until it assumed the appearance of a fixed position in the firmament above a solitary and sunlit isle in the far-off Pacific sea.

TO AN OLD HUMORIST.

ONCE upon a time an opulent citizen who had invited his friends to an evening party, bethought him that he had not the wherewithal for their entertainment. Music was insufficient, conjuring was rather stale, and an eminent Theosophist who wore a brass collar, mysteriously clasped about her throat by an unseen Mahatma, declined to "precipitate" for the idle amusement of a drawing-room. But fortunately the opulent citizen was well acquainted with a man who had long entertained the world with many-sided fable, and who was renowned for urbanity as well as his graceful wit. With ready goodwill he related to his fellow-guests strange myths of India, Greece, and ancient Egypt. He imitated some dead authors with delightful ease and no small fidelity, and praised, perhaps a little too loudly, a living author who has filled many volumes with corpses, and who discovered the humour of a white man's bare legs amongst a tribe of African savages. As the evening wore on, other entertainers beguiled the time, and amongst them was a youth from a University, whose high spirits were slightly dashed by the natural pessimism of his age. Despite a healthy appetite, his soul yearned for death and destruction; and a pretty turn for classical allegory led him by unexpected ways into the mysteries of pain and mortal dissolution. With all this, there was a tendency to lapse into small undergraduate jests, which were tolerated by most of the company because the young man was full of quaint contrasts, and because he had a charm of his own which was not destroyed even by bad puns. Moreover, the habit of punning is peculiarly English, and even the greatest of writers was not ashamed to risk a superbly tragic moment with "Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, false Jew."

But to the general surprise, the elder humorist, who had until now been most engaging, frowned darkly on his youthful neighbour, and said in an angry voice, "Young man, you have tried your hardest to be funny, but let me tell you that your mirth is mere gabble, incongruous bosh, drivel, and irrelevant rubbish. You represent, I suppose, what is called the new humour, which is the poorest of created things, because it has nothing in common with the old humour, especially mine. Your puns are not to be found in Aristophanes, nor in my conversation. Of course, my natural instinct is to treat you kindly, as you are new and young, more particularly as I must own that I have not listened to the stories with which you seem to have made yourself agreeable to some people here. But your undergraduate fun is intolerable. You have dared to make a joke about a love-sick sardine, as if every one did not know that the oyster crossed in love was the monopolist of that sentiment. So I tell the company frankly that the same minds cannot appreciate both you and me."

This remarkable outburst caused no small sensation, and

when the guests had somewhat recovered from the shock, one of them, with much deference, begged the elder humorist to favour his audience with a characteristic specimen of the old humour.

"With pleasure," he replied, "I will tell you a tale which was told to me. It will, I am sure, remind you of Rabelais, Swift, Sterne, Dickens, Mark Twain, or Holmes."

"One moment, sir," interposed the deferential guest. "May I venture to express the hope that it is not the story of Commander Good's legs?"

A sympathetic murmur ran through the room, followed by the silence of deep anxiety.

"No, sir," responded the elder humorist, with some heat, and a little disconcerted. "This is the story of a savage who was——"

"Not a friend of Allan Quartermain's?" put in the irrepressible questioner in eager tones.

"No, sir. This story comes from the South Sea Islands."

"Ah! Stevenson," muttered the guest, with visible relief.

"It is the story of a devil-box," continued the elder humorist. "A voyager offered seven pounds for it, but the owner would not part with a box which held the health of the community. However, the king came along, and wanted to hand it over as a gift. The voyager insisted on paying, and the owner took five sovereigns. The purchaser believed the king would have bought the box back for fifty pounds, as measles broke out in the island, and hundreds died."

The narrator looked round in serene triumph, but nobody smiled. There were whispered inquiries as to what might be the particular fun of deaths from measles, and whether the joke was that, having offered seven pounds, the voyager got his curio for five. At last the inquisitive guest drew a long breath and said:

"Thank you. The anecdote is vastly amusing. But do you really think that if the humour of Rabelais, Swift, Sterne, Dickens, Mark Twain, or Holmes, had been anything like this, the world would have been very merry?"

Here the fable ends, so far as our documentary evidence goes; but it is just possible that Mr. Andrew Lang, who is learned in folk-lore, may be able to supply the sequel. Legends, as we all know, have a marvellous faculty of repeating themselves, and something rather closely resembling the story we have narrated is to be found in Mr. Andrew Lang's sweeping censure of Mr. Barry Pain's 'In a Canadian Canoe.' That little book is full of faults. The author is a young man who has not yet learned how to blot. Oliver Wendell Holmes somewhere likens certain American literature to a young colt who lies on his back and kicks with exuberance of spirits. There is a good deal of the colt in Mr. Barry Pain's work; but as promising colts have to be broken, it was surely worth Mr. Lang's while to employ the friendly discipline of a trainer who has kept some astonishing animals in his stable, and not to decide all at once that the newcomer deserved nothing but a contemptuous whip.

Besides, nothing is so difficult to determine offhand as the quality of a humorist. If Mark Twain had to be judged summarily by his 'Yankee at the Court of King Arthur,' he would have but an indifferent reputation with at least half the English-speaking race. If Mr. Rudyard Kipling had essayed to make a reputation with 'Brugglesmith,' he might have been set down by Mr. Andrew Lang as a young man with a primitive taste for violent delights, who had told a dreary tale about a drunken spree. Mr. Lang is willing to recognise Mr. Burnand as a humorist, but even that genial writer has his barren moments when he is visibly "trying his hardest to be funny." There are times, too, when the appreciation of humour distinctly lapses. Mr. Lang himself must have had some difficulty in smiling after a prolonged spell of collaboration with Mr. Rider Haggard. 'At the Sign of the Ship' in *Longman's* occasionally shows that a joke which would have hit many a vessel between wind and water passes through Mr. Lang's rigging without even a whistle; and the ship now and then rolls heavily with a cargo of devil-boxes, while the skipper fondly imagines that she is walking the waters like a thing of life.

Hence it seems that this excellent navigator would do well not to hurl contumely at every little cock-boat which dances on the crest of a wave.

BRONTË PORTRAITS.

IF Miss Nussey carries out her intention to publish in full her letters from Charlotte Brontë (they are already in type), the result will be the reopening of many questions at present closed. On these I desire to say nothing. My object is merely to give the reasons which appear to justify the publication of the accompanying portraits, one of which at least is well known.

In July, 1879, I paid a visit to Haworth, and had an interesting interview with Martha Brown, the faithful servant who nursed all the Brontës, and saw them all die. She possessed many relics of the famous sisters, which had been given her by Mr. Brontë. Among them was this pencil sketch of Anne Brontë by Charlotte Brontë, which, however imperfect in drawing, is described by at least two who knew her well as an unmistakable likeness. It is, I believe, the only one in existence. I purchased it on Martha Brown's death from one of her sisters.

The portrait of Charlotte Brontë here given was selected by Martha as by far the best of the various photographs.

The Rev. Patrick Brontë is, I believe, most faithfully reproduced here. Martha Brown spoke with strong indignation of Mr. Wemyss Reid's portrait of Mr. Brontë, which she pronounced outrageously false. She described him as

kind, conscientious, anxious, driven by the loneliness of his life to some eccentric amusements, but full of love and care for his children. This was borne out by the many letters of Mr. Brontë's which she showed me, but I am bound to say that Mr. Wemyss Reid is supported by others well acquainted with the facts. When Dr. Wright publishes his book on 'The Brontës in Ireland,' we shall no doubt understand some things better.

The last portrait is that of the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls (originally Nicholl), Charlotte Brontë's husband, and was taken about the time of his marriage. Mr. Nicholls has been long resident in Ireland, and still occasionally preaches. He has maintained a resolute and honourable silence on the romance of his life.

I deeply regret that I cannot add a portrait of the greatest genius among the sisters, Emily Brontë. Martha Brown possessed a very clearly and boldly drawn pencil sketch of Emily by Charlotte, which I in vain endeavoured to purchase. After her death, what she left was divided among four sisters, with all of whom I communicated without succeeding even in tracing the picture. In course of the search I had in my hand some of Emily Brontë's manuscripts, which show her to have been a good mathematician—some of the figures being from the eleventh book of Euclid. Martha Brown had also the desk—a very small common one—on which "Wuthering Heights" was written. V.

THE WORK OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

IT has been already hinted that Mr. Kipling has the defects which spring from his merits. His quick, bold style of presentation often strains and fatigues the attention; his scenic construction, when extended to trifles, sometimes sinks to burlesque; his dogmatic assurance and daring satire is bound to stab many a respectable prejudice. Further, a self-formed style must always seem a tacit outrage upon the great accepted models unless itself rises to the rank of a model. Mr. Kipling's style is no model, nor is it even quite original. Tainted with the flippancy of journalism and the distressing smartness of trans-Atlantic buffoonery, it it is by no means that of the artless child of Nature who "pipes but as the throstles sing." Superfine vulgarians have called him vulgar. Vulgar he is not. His occasional untowardness or frowardness has no real affinity to the innately vulgar and subtly vulgarising tone of a Charles Reade or a Theodore Hook. To me, indeed, his errors of taste seem but the price we pay for the unconventional evolution of his genius. And so far we gain more than we lose.

Good print is well; good style is better; best of all is good matter. Such, at least, is the due order of excellence in the eyes of the sober Bookman, who would not love books so well, loved he not knowledge more. In Mr. Kipling's manner I have pointed to some admirable qualities marred by a few glaring yet pardonable blemishes. It remains to ask what is it that he has to say—wherein and how far are we the richer or the better for it?

One verdict has been given already. The big battalions of railway-readers on whose *popularis aura* our writers are now wafted to fame—that myriad-eyed Argus intent on Tit-bits, Scraps and Orts, has long since decided with the enviable promptitude to be expected of a critic who sees his

way at a glance into the inmost Secret of Bradshaw. 'Life's Handicap' has amused and excited him—what more would you have? Yet the oracles of the smoking carriage are truer than their echoes in the penny press. The morning paper which at present I take in, in a brief notice just admires and quotes the (really unsatisfactory) Preface, decides that the stories are "very smart and imbued with a strong worldly philosophy," and closes by singling out three as "especially striking," of which the first, I own, is excellent, the second peculiarly inartistic and repulsive, the third the one palpable failure in the series. Yet even such criticism serves its turn. Few care to dig deeper. The popular interest in Humanity is mainly centered on its choicest specimen — oneself. Millions ride in cabs; only hundreds criticise the horse; only tens study the cabman. Smart and worldly—such is the very last word of the railroad-critics who only read as they run.

He who leisurely turns the pages will seek and will find more than amusement. Much that seems, much that is, wholly new will startle him; he will ask himself—are these things true? how did the author get hold of them? what does he really think about them? what would he have me think? what do I think? Of some such train of thought, limited to his best prose work, here are a few results.

His avowed purpose is described in the Preface thus—"Chiefly I write of Life and Death, and men and women and Love and Fate." This is true enough, though the Preface is but a disingenuous mystification contradicted by its business-like last sentences—a mere clever *jeu d'esprit* composed to bind together a random collection of stories. Men, and in a less degree women and children—even brutes, as dogs, apes and elephants, in so far as they present inchoate human elements—are Mr. Kipling's absorbing theme.

His peculiar attitude towards Nature proves this. True, he has the artist-eye. His reading of Indian scenery is, I am assured, not less exactly truthful than it seems. But he has nothing of the Wordsworthian, vague, yearning sympathy with Nature. His marvellous, often terrible, pictures of elemental phenomena—seasons, heat, cold, rain and flood —are always drawn in the light of man's enjoyment or misery. If ever his landscape lacks some foreground figures their place is supplied by a human suggestion of loneliness. He is no pious Pantheist to whom the earth is but a great globular god, with Rydal Mount for its pole—an all-sufficing Paradise sadly marred by the intrusion of Adam's children with their odious railways and waterworks. True, in a splendid night description he says—"the earth was a grey shadow more unreal than the sky. We could hear her breathing lightly in the pauses between the howling of the jackals and the movement of the wind in the tamerisks"; but then he adds his touches of human interest, the "fitful mutter of musketry-fire leagues away," a "native woman singing in some unseen hut," and the "mail-train thundering by." For this "even breathing of the crowded earth" is not the charming repose of flowers and trees and pretty birds; he is thinking of the mighty Indian soil strewn with myriad tired, stark men, as it were some vast beach at the tremulous pause of the low tide of humanity. To him the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, but that lord is Mankind. No mystical hypostatic union of the human Soul with the divine Nature of sunsets, waterfalls, larks, and lesser celandines: Nature, the world, is simply the home, the environment of man, the mere scenery of the supreme drama of human struggle, failure, or success.

In what spirit, by what method, has he studied men? The answer is involved in the further question of his veracity. And here I find myself at fault. On the one hand a high—perhaps the very highest—authority on India tells me that Mr. Kipling's portraitures of native character and opinions are simply brilliant imaginative creations based only on limited and superficial observation. On the other hand, I confess that my own experience seldom clashes with his European characters, and that his Oriental element, which is infinitely the more interesting, seems to strengthen, but never conflict with the impressions left by such masters as Burton and Meadows Taylor, and by the only Hindu of first-rate intellect and real learning whose mind I ever studied at leisure. This presumption I do not justify, but may fairly palliate by large concessions. I grant that in his coarser work Mr. Kipling has contented himself with conventional types like his Simla flirts, and wooden officials; that he has never penetrated the inner working of the mighty machine of Government; that of the highest class, both native and English, he has little to say, and that mostly in a vein of comic exaggeration and contemptuous raillery, for all this is patent. For instance, he makes the "Very Greatest of All the Viceroys" promote a native pet from the Bengal to the North West Service. Surely this was beyond the power even of the Most Mischievous of All the Mediocrities, though the satire is fair enough in principle. Again, in his satirical and allegorical sketches he takes strange licenses; for example, in 'Namgay Doolah' a savage family with three-fourths of Thibetan and only one-fourth of Irish blood, all have red hair, and by pure hereditary instinct cut off cows' tails, wear black masks, and take blood-money to betray their own kin. But this, like 'Naboth,' is clearly allegory. Again, elephant-yarns are probably the Indian equivalent for English dog-stories; hence the farcical exaggerations of Moti Guj. Granted, too, that so young a man cannot possibly have studied profoundly and exhaustively every inch of the ground he covers, granted much more — for these concessions are but my own suggestions — the dilemma remains, either a creative genius well-nigh incredible, or a very considerable basis of experience. For my own part, inclining to the latter, I would fain combine both views, and in this way. Where Mr. Kipling is careless, or deficient, or wrong is precisely where we have no lack of trustworthy guides. Great men, great matters, great theories—not such are his true province, but the infinitely little, yet supremely significant trifles which cling closest round the core of humanity. Of these, the statesman, the statistician, the traveller is silent. They will tell you correctly all about the Native—his land-system, his creed, his literature, his social system, his customs, his manners, his general un-Englishism—and you wonder at the odd creature. The Story-teller takes up the lifeless image, adds a few bold touches, making it odder than ever, but you cease to wonder—it seems after all but a man of like passions with yourself, to be either familiarly kicked, or taken

by the hand. It seems—nay, it is. For correctness is not truth. The practised eye may detect in these native portraits many discrepancies, errors, and omissions; the outsider, rightly or wrongly, will feel them to be true, and deny that even genius can make bricks without straw. He will even doubt whether the high official mind can fully gauge the opportunities for seeing and hearing which a varied, more or less Bohemian, unofficial life may have afforded. On these Mr. Kipling has built up a definite body of opinion. Little of personal reminiscence can be detected, save in his short novel; most of his stories have been picked up, some wholly invented, but into each he weaves the already arranged and labelled results of his observation—each at least reads like a first-hand experience. Whether an Observer or a Creator, he is equally original. It may be that, like Darwin with his Cirripedia, he at first concentrated himself on a few typical characters, and by this training matured his power of rapidly discriminating each new type he comes across. He does not present, of course, George Eliot's close analysis of complex and conflicting motive—his men are active animals, not ruminants—but in a masterly way he does single out what we may call the main efficient cause of conduct, whether it be a ruling passion or a momentary impulse. And to find it he goes down to the very depths.

Mark, too, his careful racial discrimination. He never confounds the turns and tricks of thought of his Irish, Yorkshire, and Cockney soldiers, or of his varied Orientals. How boldly in 'Pambe Serang' does he contrast the Malay and African traits! How grandly he brings out in the 'Amir's Homily' the secret of Eastern despotism! How exquisitely in the last pages of 'Without Benefit of Clergy' that loveliest of Oriental traits, the courteous, unobtrusive, reverent sympathy with one stricken of God. Vambéry, Burton, Morier, even Palgrave, no doubt bring us nearer to the secret of Moslem character; he alone is at home with all sorts and conditions of men. Take the rigmarole evidence of the coolies (p. 12); there you have the Bengali as ages of servitude have made him, a well-meaning, fawning, crafty, yet transparent liar—the liar by instinct of self-preservation. Or take 'Through the Fire,' or 'Little Tobrah'; how utterly un-European is every feeling, every motive, every standard of conduct, yet how utterly human! Correct or not, it is—surely it must be—true.

And it would be truer still if he dared. We live a century too late and too soon for speaking out; but sometimes, as in 'On the Wall,' he throws off the fetters. Bold or reticent by turns, he never discloses his ethical system. Probably it is yet incomplete. Like Zola, he never comments or moralizes, but so artfully arranges the facts that the inferences become irresistible. In 'Without Benefit of Clergy'—the very title is polemical—those inferences amount to a homily.

If his ethics are obscure, they are always manly. Courage, endurance, fidelity, discipline, the joy of living, of working, of fighting—every spring of virile conduct he delights in. This naturally implies a certain tincture of brutal coarseness, already sufficiently bewailed by the critics. I will therefore only say—and say emphatically—that to this coarseness we owe the purity, the depth, and the intensity of his pathos. In that superb study, 'Greenhow Hill,' are a few lines, the death of 'Liza when for a brief moment the Woman survives the Saint, to which I know no parallel whatever in literature, so poignant its feeling, so profound its philosophy, so instinctive its truth. He only who has studied the coarse animalism of strong men can understand and pourtray their flashes of supreme tenderness and their numb, speechless grief. Herein we trace the only true affinity to the work of Mr. Bret Harte. Rugged yet affecting pathos is perhaps the highest attribute of Mr. Kipling's genius, and it comes of his penetrating insight into the hearts of men, not indeed the whole heart—a Tito Melema is beyond his grasp—but its inmost part, its most strenuous pulsation, the secret of its very self.

I pass lightly over his two most obvious errors of conception, both results of an imperfect training. Sometimes he stoops to the Supernatural, sinking as low as the prophecies in 'Dinah Shadd,' the dog rubbish in 'Imray,' the snake lies on page 232, and that vile tale, 'The Mark of the Beast.' Again, he has not yet shaken off his morbid love of journalistic "horrors," "shocking discoveries"—that is to say, putrid corpses, painful suffering, and spilled blood. Such "horrors" do not shock—they only disgust.

Finally, his attitude towards the world of men is very much that of an eager, attentive, observant, sharp-eyed sight-seer. Much in him that looks like sympathy is really only strong interest. He always preserves a certain cynical aloofness; he never, like Dickens, fondles his puppets; none of them, not even Mulvaney, seems dearer to him than another. Hence his somewhat repellent, unfriendly personality as an author. Contrast him with Lamb or Montaigne or Rabelais; of them in no sense could Flambert say—"l'œuvre est tout, l'homme est rien." And why? Because no one doubts the rounded completeness of the philosophy which Rabelais chose to conceal, or disdained to explain. Mr. Kipling's reticence is less suggestive. I doubt whether he yet has, or ever will have, a philosophy—a broad universal scheme into which all his thoughts and experiences can be harmoniously fitted. But without it no great creative work is possible. Fielding had his great, tender humanity, Dickens his sentimental optimism, Goethe his belief in Spirit, Scott his trust in providential justice—one has the Christian Faith, another fatalism—but all have some sheet anchor. Mr. Kipling, like so many of us, has none. And mark this—it is just when genius after its first daring flights is settling down for maturer triumphs that the lack of early discipline is felt. As it is with the painter so is it with the author. For then the mind, grasping to attain some higher, firmer, wider standpoint, falls back upon the half-forgotten, long-despised, but never wholly eradicated teaching of school and college; self-discipline reproduces an echo of the ferule; law, order, precept, method, system, resume their sway, and Genius, now heated to fluidity in the fires of life, at last pours smoothly into the matrix chiselled for it by the master-spirits of all the ages. The scholar has become a man, both are fused into the philosopher. I wish, but dare not hope, that Mr. Kipling may yet attain that rich, ripe, sober, benevolent spirit, that repose of the heart, that balance of the brain, which makes the great humanist. His fresh start, 'The Light that Failed,' was a false one. He may go on multiplying for our delight his Indian experiences; he may study new types in the West;

but can a man feel a youth's quick impressions, or describe them with a youth's audacious energy? He may strengthen, but cannot alter his place in literature. That place is not beside the great masters of imperishable fiction, but high among those vivid, veracious, but fragmentary painters of life and manners by whose inestimable aid, as de Caylus aptly says, "on sait vivre sans avoir vécu." Y. Y.

BEHIND A BOOKSELLER'S COUNTER.

LIBRARIES—HIGH-PRICED BOOKS—MINOR POETS—SHORT STORIES.

THE question is frequently raised as to whether the great circulating libraries exercise an injurious influence on the sale of books by the booksellers. For my part, I think that in many cases they confer a benefit on the bookseller. Many people acquire a taste for reading by having a subscription at a library, and when they have read a book which has afforded them any enjoyment in its perusal they frequently manifest a desire to possess it. High-priced novels, biographies, and travels are, of course, chiefly read at the libraries; but when these books are re-issued at a moderate price, the advertising which they receive from being in large circulation has a very considerable influence on the sale among the booksellers. I would instance Lucas Malet's 'The Wages of Sin.' I do not believe it would have had so large a sale as it has had at six shillings, if it had been originally issued at that price, for the simple reason that booksellers and the public would not have known how remarkable a book it was unless the inveterate three-volume novel reader had not perused it and then talked about it.

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I suppose most bookbuyers have observed how few highly-priced books are now to be seen in booksellers' shops. The reason is not far to seek. They are now only produced for the libraries, and a bookseller finds that the books which sell most readily with him are priced at 6s. or 7s. 6d as a maximum. When a publisher is remonstrated with about issuing his books at exorbitant prices, the bookseller's view of the matter is too frequently treated with scant courtesy. The French publisher is more alive to the wants of the bookseller and the public, and very rarely is a book issued at a higher price than 7 fr. 50 c., and no doubt he reaps his reward. I should very much wish to see an English publisher issue an important work at 7s. 6d. instead of 30s. or 42s., and after forming an estimate as to what the sale would be at the latter price, give us the results of the sales at the lower price.

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Who buys all the works of the minor verse writers which are issued every season? I for one cannot tell. But in spite of their non-success the supply is increasing. The bookseller can't sell them, and the "remainder man" won't look at them. And yet I very much question if they should cease to be published, as now and again we find a writer of real power crop up among the host. We are all poets now-a-days (to paraphrase Sir William Harcourt), and every one has written, and perhaps published, a few poems which have not been appreciated. Hence the antipathy to other minor poets who write somewhat in the same style. This is the only explanation I can give as to the disdainful way in which a customer throws down a new poet's volume when it is shown to him. The remembrance of his own want of success is perpetual gall and bitterness.

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It is a singular thing to note that while volumes of short stories are extremely popular in America and France, there is not the slightest demand for them in this country. It is quite useless labour for a bookseller to attempt selling them, although the publisher disguises them by printing a single name as the title of the book, and obscuring the fact that the volume is composed of a number of stories. The success of volumes of this kind in France may be explained by the want of periodicals which provide "snippets" of literature for the English reader, but this reason does not hold good in America, where periodicals are plentiful. I can only suppose it is because Englishmen and Englishwomen like a good straight-away novel where the interest is sustained for a long time. The success of Rudyard Kipling and Miss Mary E. Wilkins in this country is quite phenomenal, and not easily explained. I notice that one or two publishers, believing that a new order of things has set in, are announcing volumes of short stories; but failure can only attend their efforts unless they are able to equal the work of the two writers just named. The booksellers won't buy them, because they know the public will not read them. This is meant as a word of warning. Δ

THE LONDON BOOKSELLERS' DINNER.

THE booksellers of London, Dr. Johnson always said, are a generous set of men. I fancied him behind the great screen opposite me on Thursday evening, Oct. 1st, as I sat beside the Chairman of Council of the London Booksellers' Society. He would have repeated his opinion with emphasis had he been there. I thought of the notable men who had been London booksellers—of Guy, the founder of the Hospital; of Richardson, the greatest of all; of Lackington; of Curll and Dunton, the black sheep of the number. Publishers one expects to be prosperous, and Colonel Routledge, who occupied the chair, both looked and acted his part well. But truth compels me to add that, in spite of the discount system, the booksellers neither looked nor behaved like the monuments of desolation and ruin they are sometimes thought to be. A more pleasant, cheery, and successful gathering it is impossible to imagine.

Mr. Burleigh, the Secretary, and the life and soul of the Society, read the report. The Secretary is one of those quiet, genial, irresistible men, who can establish and direct combinations. The aims of the Society, as explained by him, seemed surprisingly modest. They were (1) that discount should not be allowed to go below 3d. in the shilling; (2) that imperfect books should be exchanged by publishers. Marked success had been attained in these objects—in the second success was practically complete. Colonel Routledge then gave his address, a clear and downright performance. He did not think discount could ever be abolished, but he was sure it should not sink below 3d. a shilling. There was a marked but civil expression of dissent when Mr. Routledge expressed the opinion that stores made trade, and did not take away trade from the legitimate bookseller. Mr. W. J. Squires, who humorously represented himself as a poor suburban bookseller, felicitously proposed the toast of the Society, to which the Chairman of Council, Mr. David Stott, who is a capital after-dinner speaker, replied. He thought the Society had done a wonderful work. The trade had formed square. The discount was now fixed, and imperfect books were things of the past. The country trade were suspicious, as they thought that the object of the Society was to establish a 25 per cent. rate of discount. On the contrary, they were glad that their friends should get off with 20 per cent. or less, but they were resolved that 25 per cent. should be the limit. He should like to see all the publishers in London joining the Association, but they would go on—publishers or no publishers. Mr. J. Vernon Whitaker, of the *Bookseller*, proposed "The Country Trade," and the reply was made, in what I think was decidedly the speech of the evening, by Mr. Lupton, of Burnley, a leading Lancastrian bookseller. (Burnley and its neighbourhood are inseparably associated with P. G. Hamerton, who lived there during his most memorable years.) Mr. Lupton's shrewd sense and racy style secured for him delighted attention. He urged that they should all join together, that publishers should so arrange matters as that booksellers should live by bookselling. He did not approve of the co-operative store sale of books. As I believe Mr. Lupton proposes to give the readers of THE BOOKMAN some account of his experiences, I need not further quote from his speech. Mr. Olley, of Belfast, also expressed his cordial sympathy with the Society, and his desire that the country trade should be joined. Mr. Calder Turner, in proposing "The Visitors," referred in a very kindly manner to THE

BOOKMAN. Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Bernard Quaritch responded. I must not omit to mention the songs and recitations, which were admirably rendered by Mr. J. Morgan, Mr. A. Kleigl, and Mr. G. S. Beeching. V.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

Ordinary new books in order of demand, as sold between September 15th and October 15th, 1891:—

1. LONDON, CENTRAL.

1. Von Moltke's Franco-German War. 2 vols. (Osgood.)
2. Driver's Introduction to Literature of Old Testament. (Clark.)
3. Jesus Christ, by Didon. 2 vols. (Kegan Paul.)
4. There is no Death. Florence Marryat. (Kegan Paul.)
5. Momerie's Corruption of the Church.
6. The Three Miss Kings. (Heinemann.)

2. LONDON, WEST.

1. Lang's Blue Poetry Book. (Longman.)
2. Celtic Fairy Tales. (David Nutt.)
3. Driver's Introduction to Old Testament.
4. Some Emotions and a Moral. (Pseudonym Library.)
5. Lux Mundi. Cheap Edition. (Murray.)
6. Knight's Philosophy of the Beautiful. (John Murray.)

3. EDINBURGH, WEST.

1. Driver's Introduction to Old Testament.
2. The Blue Poetry Book. Edited by Andrew Lang.
3. Sayce. Races of the Old Testament. (Religious Tract Society.)
4. Lux Mundi. Edited by Rev. C. Gore.
5. Livingstone and the Exploration of Central Africa, by H. H. Johnstone. (Philip and Son.)
6. Celtic Fairy Tales.

4. LANCASHIRE.

1. Annie S. Swan's Ayres of Studleigh, 2s. 6d. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)
2. MacLaren's God of the Amen, 5s. (Alexander and Shepheard.)
3. Rudyard Kipling's Life's Handicap, 6s. (Macmillan.)
4. Tennyson's Complete Works, 7s. 6d., etc. (Macmillan.)
5. Montesquieu's Persian Letters, 2 vols.
6. Celtic Fairy Tales.

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us by leading booksellers in the districts indicated.

NEW BOOKS.

DARKNESS AND DAWN.*

In these volumes Dr. Farrar does not attempt to add another to the series of brilliant historical novels which illustrate life under the early Empire. He expressly warns us that "the book is not a novel, nor is it to be judged as a novel." But neither is it a history. The characters introduced are those with which the pages of Tacitus and of the New Testament have made us familiar, but of political action not a word is said. It is "an historic tale" Dr. Farrar gives us; not disconnected scenes, but a continuous drama, in which the *dramatis personæ* are exhibited in their personal, domestic, and social relations, and act out their own characters to the issue. A sufficient plot lay ready to his hand in the career of Nero, but into this he has most ingeniously woven the fortunes of three Apostles, of Onesimus the runaway slave, and of various other persons. To Onesimus Dr. Farrar is indebted for the opportunity of utilising his knowledge of Apuleius, the Golden Bough, and the gladiatorial games. It was to be expected that Dr. Farrar would show familiar knowledge of the period, its personages and their relation to one another, the rooms they sat in, the dress they wore, the dinners they ate, their superstitions and amusements, their hideous vices and their surviving virtues. What is surprising is the power of imagination which makes the whole unhappy time live again. His canvas is immensely broad and it is crowded with figures, yet each is distinct and in right proportion. They are in no case stiff-jointed puppets, such as occasionally betray the wire-puller in an historical novel. They have, throughout, the free movement and spontaneity of real life. Overloaded as the writer is with material, it is only on rare occasions that such a sentence as the following reminds us of Becker's *Gallus*: "Tush," said Scævinus, "some of us have a thousand slaves, and some of us have more. *We don't know their names, and have to keep a nomenclator to tell us*" (ii. 84. At i. 48, also, Martial's description of Roman books too evidently shines through). That is information which may be needed by Dr. Farrar's reader, but was certainly not required by Scævinus' interlocutor. As a whole, the book is a noteworthy addition to English literature and a material aid to the understanding of the first century. As a work of art it deserves the highest praise.

But not as an artistic feat has Dr. Farrar reproduced for us the Darkness and the Dawn, but that we may see how it was, and why it was, that "a religion so humble in its origin and so feeble in its earthly resources as Christianity won so majestic a victory over the power, the glory, and the intellect of the civilised world." The Darkness he has exhibited with great power and with perfect taste. Not every writer could lead us through the mire of Nero's life without unpleasantly splashing those who accompany him and soiling himself. It is a great tribute to Dr. Farrar that he accomplishes this without offence. "All who know most thoroughly the real features of that Pagan darkness, which was deepest before the Christian dawn, will see that scarcely even by the most distant allusion have I referred to some of the worst features in the life of that day." That is true; he has known where to draw the line in using the material so freely furnished by Suetonius.

But while Dr. Farrar has not exaggerated the Darkness, he has allowed the Dawn too sudden and bright a rising. Pomponia Græcina has, naturally enough, proved a great temptation to writers on the "origins" of the Church, but never before has she been so thoroughly exploited. Audacious historians have claimed Acte and Poppæa as Christians, but Dr. Farrar goes so far as to enrol the ill-fated Britannicus and Octavia among their number. And altogether the Christians show rather too prominently in his picture of the times. To readers unacquainted with the sources, or even with Merivale's judicial deliverance on the subject, an impression may be conveyed of the influence of Christianity in high places, such as is not warranted by the facts. Numerous the Christians in Rome certainly were; but although Dr. Farrar has created a fascinating tale by interpreting liberally the expression, "they of Cæsar's household," the safer and soberer view was expressed by himself nine years ago: "Until the days of Domitian we do not hear of a single noble or distinguished person who had joined their ranks. That the Pudens and Claudia of Rom. xvi. were the Pudens and Claudia of Martial's epigrams seems to me to be a baseless dream. If the "foreign superstition" with which Pomponia Græcina, wife of Aulus Plautius, the conqueror of Britain, was charged, and of which she was acquitted, was indeed, as has been suspected, the Christian religion; at any rate, the name of Christianity was not alluded to by the ancient writers who had mentioned the circumstance. Even if Rom. xvi. was addressed not, as I believe, to Ephesus "they of the household of Narcissus which were in the Lord" were unknown slaves, as also were "they of Cæsar's household." Dr. Farrar has a right to change his mind, and he has given us a most enjoyable book, and has furnished an essentially true picture of the manner in which Christianity must have won men by the purity and the hope it brought into an age made hopeless by its own degradation and bestiality, and by the joyful fortitude of its martyrs. M. D.

* 'Darkness and Dawn; or, Scenes in the Days of Nero.' An Historic Tale. By F. W. Farrar. Two volumes. (Longmans, Green and Co.) 28s.

THE SCAPEGOAT.*

Mr. Caine makes considerable demands on his readers' credulity, or at all events on their appetite for the marvellous. But it is only in closing the book we make this reflection, which never troubled us at an earlier stage, probably because no defence or apology for these marvels is attempted. Assurance is contagious, and we are content to grant any foundation for the sake of the beautiful romance which is built on it. Naomi, the afflicted daughter of Israel-ben-Oliel and Ruth his wife, Sephardic Jews of Morocco, is regarded as the scapegoat appointed to bear the transgressions of her father against his own people. Blind, deaf, and dumb, she has yet a soul, which, if it answers not to the words and meaning of the every-day world, is quick with life of its own, and in rare touch with nature. She is beautiful and fearless. Out of these elements Mr. Caine has evolved one of the most fascinating heroines we can call to mind, and he is tender in his treatment of her as surely never creator was before. Such pictures as he gives of the child Naomi led by Ali through the streets of Tetuan, her little comrade "trying to push the great creatures of the crowd before her," and crying in his brave little treble, "Arrah! Ar-rah!" and of Naomi bringing home treasures of flowers and laying them on the chairs where her mother was wont to sit, her mother whom she cannot find because she is dying, are of a delicacy unsurpassable. When her faculties awake, her father accepts it as a direct answer to his whole-hearted obedience to the commands of the mysterious Mahdi, to cease to be the tool of the Moorish oppressors of his race. Perhaps in the treatment of the newly-awakened sensations of common life and the terrible pain of their birth, consists the best skill of the story. How Israel was persecuted and Naomi in terrible danger, and how Ali and the shadowy Englishman come to the rescue, must be found in the pages of the book itself, which is one to procure, and to keep, and to re-read as an antidote to much that is dreary, and arid, and unwholesome in the literature of to-day. One thing we regret. We cannot reconcile to ourselves the idea of the flower-like radiance of Naomi under the grey skies of England.

THE ELEMENTS OF POLITICS.†

If the political philosopher has not succeeded in solving many questions, at any rate he has buried some; and that is nearly as good. He is not obliged any longer to take us back to the state of nature, he has no call to do battle with believers in divine right, and he may ignore the social contract. Freed from the controversies which fill the pages of Hobbes and Locke, he can bring us quickly, without preface or mystery, face to face with the realities of the subject. The relative importance of political questions, moreover, has greatly changed. We are now less concerned with the forms of government and the means of maintaining the sovereign power than with the functions of the State and the methods of performing them. In these times of settled government the theorist dealing with the politics of European States has not, like Machiavelli (rightly called the founder of modern political science), to elaborate subtle schemes for safeguarding the existence of the established government. And as the subject has changed its face, so has it widened and grown complex. Time has not put out of date the wisdom of Aristotle. But the growth of our vast industrial societies, purged of slavery, with their factories and railways, with their boundless wealth and debasing poverty, has created difficulties not dreamt of within the narrow circle of a Greek city.

Professor Sidgwick keeps clear of all controversies which have not a distinctly practical issue. Taking the happiness of the persons affected as the ultimate political standard of right and wrong, he inquires what laws and institutions are likely to conduce most to the well-being of an aggregate of civilised, orderly, and in the main law-abiding men in their social relations. His 'Politics' will not serve as a voter's guide, any more than his 'Ethics' could be used to solve all our hard cases of conscience, or his 'Political Economy' to show how prices are to rule three months hence. Wise political action demands an immense amount of practical knowledge, and also a certain "feel" of things, which is to be gained from life and not from books. Professor Sidgwick opens no royal road to political truth. Balancing, as his habit is, the considerations on this side and the other, he expresses many opinions with varying degrees of confidence; but *cæteris paribus* should be written before nearly every one of them. His purpose is simply "to introduce greater clearness and consistency into the kind of thought and reasoning with which we are all more or less familiar."

Inverting logically and advantageously the usual order of inquiry, the author discusses the functions of government before the structure or constitution of the government which is to perform them. He traces in regard to property, contract, inheritance, and wrongs, the chief characteristics of the system of law which would result from the consistent application of the individualistic principle of non-interference, and examines the cases in which the principle fails, and the extent to which socialistic legislation is expedient. He then proceeds to consider the external relations of government, discussing international duty, the regulation of war, free trade, emigration, and other matters. Professors have the discredit, perhaps often deserved, of being theory-ridden and unpractical men, and for the politicians of the library extreme individualism has had a fatal attraction. Professor Sidgwick may be acquitted on this score. He takes pains to keep a grip on realities. He can find good ground for the spending of public funds on education and for the compulsory taking of land for public objects, and allows that there is some force in the arguments for State railways. And here is a principle, sweeping and sound, which can carry us very far: "It may be laid down generally," he says, "that it is the duty of Government as representing the community to prevent the bounties of nature from being wasted by the unrestricted pursuit of private interest." The authors of a 'Plea for Liberty' and other nihilists will shudder at such a statement, but it conflicts in no way, nay, it completely harmonises, with individualism as the creed of non-interference. There is an individualism which has made Freedom in itself the standard of political right and wrong. In one of the best chapters in his book Professor Sidgwick has shown the irrationality of such a doctrine.

The second part of the work is mainly devoted to the machinery of government, and treats among other things of the nature and relations of the legislature, the executive, and the judiciary; the delegation of powers to local bodies; the question of giving the citizens at large the power of direct intervention; the State in relation to voluntary associations, such as trade unions and churches; party government; and some general aspects of democracy and sovereignty. On the whole, the British constitution, with all its anomalies and gaps, comes out of the inquiry very satisfactorily. Professor Sidgwick would not make serious changes in it. He would wish to give the executive greater stability and independence by making its tenure more secure; he would make bankruptcy a cause of disfranchisement; he favours the introduction of a lay element into judicial tribunals, but would confine juries mainly to criminal trials; he sees certain cases in which the referendum would be useful; and he looks about him very cautiously for means of mitigating the evils of party government. To state the author's conclusions on isolated topics, however, cannot give any fair idea of a work whose value depends on the closeness of its reasoning.

We have sought rather to indicate briefly what the book contains than to criticise it. But we need hardly say that it bristles with controversial matter. For instance, though Professor Sidgwick is right in holding that in constructing a political theory the historical study of the forms and functions of government can only occupy a secondary place, his severely deductive method is open to considerable question. He expects his reader to supplement the theory by practical knowledge and experience, but he does not give much assistance in showing how and when these should be applied to correct or qualify the theory. A careful consideration of political compromise would have been of much service, and would not have lain outside the field of the treatise. And on a good many questions (such as the pro-

* 'The Scapegoat.' By Hall Caine. 2 vols. (Heinemann.) 21s.
† 'The Elements of Politics.' By Henry Sidgwick. (Macmillan and Co.) 14s. net.

posal to pay legislators, to which Professor Sidgwick is strongly opposed) we should find the general reasoning more satisfactory if it were combined with a consideration of the cases where the point has been put to a practical test. Mr. Herbert Spencer may be wrong in many things, but few will dispute his favourite doctrine, that laws have seldom the exact results which the legislator expects. These additions, however, would have greatly increased the bulk of a book already large; and the reader must himself supply them. Differ from Professor Sidgwick's conclusions as we may, none of us can fail to benefit, in respect of the clearness and coherency of our political ideas, from the careful study of his calm and impartial treatise. In recent years no more important contribution has been made to political science.

HEDDERWICK'S REMINISCENCES.*

There are some good things, especially of the character of good stories, in this volume, but it would be useless to disguise the fact that there is a flavouring of garrulity in its author's purely personal Reminiscences. Mr. Hedderwick figures here as an amiable old gentleman and successful Scotch journalist. Although he was born in Glasgow, he began his professional career in Edinburgh under Charles Maclaren, one of the early editors of the *Scotsman*. From Edinburgh he returned to Glasgow, where, in 1864, he hit on the happy idea of starting a halfpenny daily newspaper. This journal, the *Evening Citizen*, which is now well known, was the first halfpenny paper produced in any large city in the country. Its proprietor is in consequence quite entitled to describe it as "the principal precursor of that cheap afternoon press which is now an established institution throughout the kingdom." Naturally, when his paper became an "established institution," Mr. Hedderwick himself became a Glasgow personage, although, being of a retiring disposition and a bit of a poet, he never posed as such. When any notability visited his city, he was introduced to Mr. Hedderwick. Thus, he met Mr. Gladstone, Disraeli, Miss Faucit, Douglas Jerrold, and Dickens and Thackeray. The thing about Thackeray that seems to have struck Mr. Hedderwick most was his extraordinary resemblance to two Scotsmen, Mr. Ballardie, and "my interesting friend, Dr. Carruthers, of the *Inverness Courier*, a man of similarly noble features." The resemblance between Thackeray and Carruthers was so great that on Thackeray calling at Carruthers' lodgings in London, the servant-maid burst into a fit of laughter, thinking he was inquiring for himself.

Mr. Hedderwick's most readable stories relate to his earlier years in Edinburgh and his occasional visits to London. He is old enough to have seen William the Fourth going in procession to his coronation in 1830, and to have dined with W. J. Fox. He once saw Sir Walter Scott sitting in the Court of Session as "one of the clerks of court in front of the Judges' bench. Above him were divers senators in the dignity of their official robes, and eminent, no doubt, in law; but my gaze was fixed on the sagacious features, ruddy complexion, and high, silvery head of the one man who, while occupying a lower professional level, towered above them all." In Edinburgh Mr. Hedderwick came to know Robert Chambers, the brothers Combe, their nephew Robert Cox, and John Hill Burton. He seems to have been most impressed, however, with Charles Maclaren. Mr. Maclaren had a fund of dry sarcastic humour, and yet it was he who made the celebrated confession that he "joked with difficulty." Upon this subject Mr. Hedderwick writes: "Mr. Findlay tells me that James Payn, who was resident for some years in Edinburgh as one of the conductors of *Chambers' Journal*, was tickled with it. Soon afterwards he worked it into one of his popular novels."

Under the almost too pathetic title of "Inheritors of Unfulfilled Renown," Mr. Hedderwick writes of three of his literary friends—Alexander Smith, David Gray, and Patrick Proctor Alexander. Gray Mr. Hedderwick describes as "a young man of good height, broad-shouldered, but hollow-chested and slightly stooping. His dark hair curled over a forehead of Keats-like formation." Patrick Alexander, who died only a few years ago, was in some respects the ablest of the three. Mr. Hedderwick says of him that "His personal ambition was sluggish, and he never, I think, did reasonable justice to his powers." Alexander was unfortunately all his life in such easy circumstances that he was never forced to work for a living. Had the pressure of struggle been put upon him, he might have become one of the first all-round men of letters of his time in Scotland—or even outside of it. Yet a selection from his various writings would even now be worth making. Mr. Hedderwick puts some stress on Alexander's poetic power. As a poet, however, he was imitative rather than original, more of a critic than of a poet, and more of a cynical humorist than of a critic. If ever a selection from Alexander's writings is made, it is to be hoped that there will not be omitted from it his imitations of Carlyle, and the best of his contributions to the *Scotsman*.

* 'Backward Glances; or, Some Personal Recollections.' By James Hedderwick, LL.D. (William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1891.) 7s. 6d.

DRIVER'S INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.*

Questions of Old Testament scholarship are no longer the property of the merely learned student. Through the press, though often in fragmentary and distorted shapes, inklings of them and their larger bearings have reached the mass of men and percolated down to the lowest strata of thinking minds. Even several Bishops have heard of them. The time has probably come when the questions and their results, and not the results only, but above all their bearing on the general belief of men, must be set before all classes. Some, indeed, may argue that, be the results of criticism true or false, the Apostles knew nothing of them, and Christianity is independent of them. That it is independent of them we believe to be absolutely true, but this is not clear to every one, and perhaps it is clear to few at first sight, for even those who are now able to contemplate critical results with perfect composure can remember an earlier period in their history when their minds were assailed with serious perplexities. Canon Driver is too robust a man to expose his inward history to the common gaze, but probably the position he is able to hold has been gained after the manner of men. At any rate it is assuring to hear him speak:—

"It is not the case that critical conclusions, such as those expressed in the present volume, are in conflict either with the Christian creeds or with the articles of the Christian faith. These conclusions affect not the *fact* of revelation, but only the *form*. . . . They do not touch either the authority or the inspiration of the Scriptures of the Old Testament."—p. xv.

Dr. Driver's work is an 'Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament,' in other words, an account, so far as reasonable probabilities go, of the sources, the date and authorship of the books of the Bible. He is wise in allowing that critical results are only probabilities, in some cases, however, so great as entirely to satisfy the mind, in others leaving room for divergence of view. Such divergences are often in details, and afford no ground for the assertion that the critics are at internecine strife with one another. There is both history and theology in the work, but these are not there for their own sakes, but as arguments for fixing the date and authorship. For criticism has long passed out of the stage of being a mere manipulation of words and linguistic phrases, it draws the contents of the Bible, the history, legislation and thought within its argument. It compares one code of laws with another, and asks, Which is the more developed, and therefore, presumably, the later? It compares laws with historical practice, and inquires, At what date does historical practice show the consciousness and influence of such laws? The criticism of the Pentateuch is an estimate of the whole religious history of Israel, and its result is a new reading of this history, at least in the matter of worship.

The author's plan is excellent. First he gives an outline of the Book he is dealing with. Then follows a literary

* 'An Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament.' By S. R. Driver, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, Oxford. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. pp. xix., 522.) 12s.

analysis of it, the various parts being assigned, with as near an approach to exactness as is possible, to the different sources; and finally the date of the sources and of the Book in its present form is inquired into. All this is executed with much learning, great candour, every consideration for the opinions of others, but firm assertion of his own right to judge. The conclusions reached are in the main those of the prevailing school of criticism, though with important modifications. On the Psalter he is more conservative than some of his contemporaries, and all through, particularly in regard to the Pentateuch, he insists much on the distinction to be drawn between the date of the present writings and the date of the beliefs and practices contained in them. We suspect that if the fundamental premiss be granted, accepted since Astruc in 1753, that there *are* documents in the Pentateuch, the main conclusions of modern criticism are inevitable. If there are documents, they are those which scholars have succeeded in disentangling; and if these be the documents, they are of the dates assigned to them, that of the latest, the Priests' code, in its present form, being after the exile. The date of the writings, however, and the date of the practices and thought contained in them, are different things, and even many elements contained in a book may be drawn from older written sources. Dr. Driver argues that some parts of Leviticus lay before Ezekiel in a written form. His arguments will not convince everyone, but nothing is more probable in itself than that sketches of ritual law should have been written down comparatively early.

The projected series of manuals could not have been opened more worthily. The work contains everything required by students. The analysis of the Pentateuch, in particular, is very complete. It is hard reading; let the student, when weary, turn to the very able sketch of the characteristics of the various sources (§ 7). The book has been produced with remarkable accuracy by all engaged on it. Let the reader, however, p. 21, l. 3, insert ch. 2 before 23^{b}-25, and the same on p. 150. Also p. 272, l. 12, insert "not."

A. B. DAVIDSON.

TIM.*

The "new writer" who gives us 'Tim' is welcome, and his book is sure to be read. It is simple, pathetic in the popular manner, somewhat original in idea, and not overdone. For all that, it is not a work of real distinction or secure promise. It has too much of stale prattle like this: "His study was a haven of refuge to Tim on many a rainy after-four while the employment said by Dr. Watts to be provided for that class of member was busily occupying numerous pairs of idle hands in other parts of the house." "Not that the 'primrose by the river's brim' was anything more to either of them than the yellow primrose was to the gentleman in the poem." The subject of the book—the love "passing the love of women" of one boy for another—is so good that one wishes it had fallen into the hands of a more skilful and exercised artist—such an artist as we hope the author of 'Tim' will yet become.

CECILIA DE NOEL.†

The success and the merit of 'Mademoiselle Ixe' rouses a certain interest in the appearance of a novel by its author. "Lanoe Falconer" has to compete with herself, and her new ground is not very happily chosen. There is firmness in the build of the characters, and the dialogue is skilful, yet the book is not a good story like 'Mademoiselle Ixe,' but only a pacing-ground for the various personages. The scene is laid in a country house which has the distinction of being haunted, but the ghost is new-fangled and unsatisfactory, never appears twice in the same guise, and, in fact, only exists for the purpose of showing up the peculiar weaknesses and, strange to tell, the religious faiths of the characters, who each see it in their own way. No one will believe in the ghost. George Atherley, his worthy, literal wife, and the Bishop, are capitally drawn, and there is power in the scene where kind-hearted Mrs. Mostyn develops her Calvinistic views of future punishments, while the voices of the children in the garden are calling to her in full expectation of the readiness of her sympathy, their faith giving the lie to her creed. But Cecilia, whom we have been kept longing to see, is disappointing. That love rules the world is the gospel she has a mission to teach, but why for that reason she should embrace and melt into floods of tears over a ghost—and not a real ghost either—we cannot bring ourselves to comprehend.

* 'Tim.' (Macmillan, 6s.)
† 'Cecilia de Noël.' By Lanoe Falconer. (Macmillan and Co.)

BLANCHE, LADY FALAISE.*

A struggle is at hand, we are told in the beginning of this book, the like of which the world has never seen, for existence and daily bread. But, in spite of variableness and inconstancy, the eternal will survive, and intimately associated with the eternal, it would appear, is "the Norman, the aristocrat, my Lord Falaise." There is a good deal in this strain, and a certain amount of cant about "the instinct and pluck of caste" pulling the hero through situations in which even the low-born need not have been greatly embarrassed. But if these preliminaries put us on the defensive, we are soon disarmed by the real interest of the book. The central figure of Blanche stands out with a certain grandeur of outline. Brought up abroad, with high aspirations fed on "Amiel," mentally exacting and exclusive, her later girlhood is spent in silent revolt against her surroundings in the narrow, selfish, and luxurious life of a Devonshire rectory. She scorns the devotion of young Falaise, as that of a boy unable to enter into her ideal of sacrifice for the poor of the earth, and when Damerle, the eloquent preacher, the saver of souls, offers his love, she accepts it with passionate gratitude. He is her ideal and her hope of emancipation in one. From the moment he betrays her the fervour dies out of her soul. Passionless and resigned, she marries Falaise, is loyal but indifferent to him, to her boys, to life. Only when Damerle's treason has poisoned his own soul and dragged him to disgrace, does the fire awake again. Her struggles then are suggested rather than told. The reader is only admitted half into the secrets of this proud sufferer. When the lightning strikes her by the Calvary on the mountain-path, her soul departs as pure as when Damerle woke its echoes in her girlhood. The unbending rigidity, the obstinacy with which she had said all along, "This life I have dreamed must be mine, or if not this, then no other," go to the making of a character which will stay in our memories. And so also, in a less degree, will the whole group gathered round her—the amiable nobleman; Damerle, who saved others, but could not save himself; his wretched, embittered wife; and the cultivated, easy-going Rector, out of his element in modern religious revivals and philanthropies, but whose nobility comes to the top in great emergencies. This is Mr. Shorthouse's best work since 'John Inglesant,' though the distance between the two is great.

EDWARD LEMAN BLANCHARD.†

This is a very valuable chronicle of Bohemia. It cannot compare with the brilliant reminiscences of Edmund Yates—the best book of the kind ever written. And to those without a genuine interest in the theme it may even seem forbidding, for there is no denying that the plan followed—that of giving a bald diary with very copious notes—is uninviting. But it was plainly the only course open to the editors, and they have done their work with such skill and loving care that the biography will take rank as a supplement to Geneste, and will be consulted by all interested in the literary history of the Victorian period. What Mr. Clement Scott has done is done well; but in justice the palm must be given to Mr. Cecil Howard, whose notes give evidence of incredible knowledge and painstaking. To Blanchard (Leman, not Laman; Laman was no connection)

* 'Blanche, Lady Falaise.' By J. H. Shorthouse. 6s. (Macmillan and Co.)
† 'The Life and Reminiscences of E. L. Blanchard. With Notes from the Diary of Wm. Blanchard.' By Clement Scott and Cecil Howard. With Portraits and Illustrations. Two vols. (Hutchinson.)

his friends have done justice; his many amiable qualities and unbroken, ill-rewarded toil may be seen from every one of these pages. But it is in the vast accumulation of details about persons, places, clubs, books, magazines, and plays that the permanent value of the work consists. Messrs. Hutchinson have done their part with admirable taste. A few slight corrections may be noted. Vol. i., p. 94, for "Lockington" read "Lackington"; p. 182, Dr. Strauss is not living; vol. ii., p. 605, "James" should be "John." Is it correct to say that in 1842 Blanchard was editor of "Chambers's *London* Journal"? Some particulars about Archdeckne would be very welcome. In this short notice we can give no idea of the many amusing stories in this book—as of the debating club where one reasoner described another as combining "the sentiments of a demon and the gestures of an ape." Its melancholy must not be taken too seriously, for in the same page Blanchard says that in his forty-eighth year he had not a day's health, and then goes on to give thanks for the health he had enjoyed. R. B. Brough was something more than "a sad hypochondriac." If for nothing but his verses on Johnson, he deserves to be remembered, and 'Marston Lynch' is superior to at least nine-tenths of present-day novels.

MR. RUSKIN'S POEMS.*

The get up of these volumes is magnificent; paper, type, and binding are of the best, and the illustrations are reproduced with marvellous exactness. Mr. Collingwood has spared no pains on the collection; his only serious error is the omission to allude to Scott in connection with the verses beginning "Twist ye, twine ye; even so." Many of the poems are here printed for the first time, and nearly all are early, the first volume taking us to the end of Mr. Ruskin's sixteenth year, and the second to his twenty-sixth, with a few trifles gleaned from the work of his later life. The precocity of the poet is remarkable; some of the pieces are quite as wonderful and worthless as Thirlwall's *Primitiæ*. Mr. Ruskin has told us that what he thinks best in his manner of writing prose is due to Scott and Byron. The same may be said of his verse, though there are other influences, amongst which that of Beattie may be clearly traced. But there is no poetry in these "poems," and they raise afresh the old question why men capable of poetic prose are so generally incapable of poetry. To the illustrations warm praise must be accorded; nearly all have some striking quality. As to the value of the book as illustrating Mr. Ruskin's life—is not the light thrown on that already too fierce?

The following quatrain, written in 1881, reveals the best and the worst of Mr. Ruskin as a poet:—

"Trust thou thy love. If she be proud, is she not sweet?
Trust thou thy love. If she be mute, is she not pure?
Lay thou thy soul full in her hands, low at her feet—
Fail sin and breath—yet for thy peace *she* shall endure."

AT THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

THE DIARY OF A READER.

Oct. 1st.—Is it not time that I, the poor down-trodden reader, should raise my voice against the villanous three-volume system? Just see how it works from my point of view. I am subscribing three guineas a year to a Book Society, which theoretically enables me to have six books at a time, and to change them once a week. But under the present system six books mean really two books—two novels. Now, if I am a rapid reader and cursed with much leisure, I can easily dispose of these six books in two days, and, for the rest of the week, have to go without any light in my life. So that it really comes to this, that the three-volume system is an elaborate play on the word "book." It is just a bad pun—meant to delude and deceive the unhappy innocent who cannot see through the abuse of words.

All the more welcome, therefore, are those who vary from the rule, and do their utmost to break through a bad convention. Many thanks are due to Mr. Hall Caine for having published his 'Scapegoat' in two volumes instead of three. And it is not merely for that reason that thanks are due. It is a magnificent book—a book written with a moral fervour and decisiveness which is quite refreshing in these flabby days. It is instinct with sympathy for Oriental life. Mr. Hall Caine paints with a very broad brush, and it has been somewhat wittily said of him by my wicked friend Mr. Oscar Wilde that he writes at the top of his voice. He has a great love for what I may call the primary colours in human nature—the strong passion of a well-built man for a well-built woman, the intense glow of indignation at a brutal act or an unjust deed, the desire for revenge, the joy of success and the agony of failure—and in 'The Scapegoat' his palette is peculiarly simple. Not for him the complex emotions of this modern age,

"With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
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In all his novels he has shown the same love for primitive times, for uncivilised or semi-civilised races, and for simple plots. Here he has for his theme the tragedy of a Jew's life in Morocco, where the burden of that scapegoat among the nations is perhaps at its very heaviest. It is the tragedy of a highly moralised and religious race, cast under the heel of one of the most degraded of the North African nations, and it is a tragedy which, to the shame of the world, still goes on from day to day. I confess to having been enthralled with this powerful story, though I am not among those—a considerable number, it seems—who would class it among the great Epics of the world, or who would compare Mr. Hall Caine to Homer, Shakspere, and Dante.

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analysis of it, the various parts being assigned, with as near an approach to exactness as is possible, to the different sources; and finally the date of the sources and of the Book in its present form is inquired into. All this is executed with much learning, great candour, every consideration for the opinions of others, but firm assertion of his own right to judge. The conclusions reached are in the main those of the prevailing school of criticism, though with important modifications. On the Psalter he is more conservative than some of his contemporaries, and all through, particularly in regard to the Pentateuch, he insists much on the distinction to be drawn between the date of the present writings and the date of the beliefs and practices contained in them. We suspect that if the fundamental premiss be granted, accepted since Astruc in 1753, that there *are* documents in the Pentateuch, the main conclusions of modern criticism are inevitable. If there are documents, they are those which scholars have succeeded in disentangling; and if these be the documents, they are of the dates assigned to them, that of the latest, the Priests' code, in its present form, being after the exile. The date of the writings, however, and the date of the practices and thought contained in them, are different things, and even many elements contained in a book may be drawn from older written sources. Dr. Driver argues that some parts of Leviticus lay before Ezekiel in a written form. His arguments will not convince everyone, but nothing is more probable in itself than that sketches of ritual law should have been written down comparatively early.

The projected series of manuals could not have been opened more worthily. The work contains everything required by students. The analysis of the Pentateuch, in particular, is very complete. It is hard reading; let the student, when weary, turn to the very able sketch of the characteristics of the various sources (§ 7). The book has been produced with remarkable accuracy by all engaged on it. Let the reader, however, p. 21, l. 3, insert ch. 2 before 23^b-25, and the same on p. 150. Also p. 272, l. 12, insert "not."

A. B. DAVIDSON.

TIM.*

The "new writer" who gives us 'Tim' is welcomé, and his book is sure to be read. It is simple, pathetic in the popular manner, somewhat original in idea, and not overdone. For all that, it is not a work of real distinction or secure promise. It has too much of stale prattle like this: "His study was a haven of refuge to Tim on many a rainy after-four while the employment said by Dr. Watts to be provided for that class of member was busily occupying numerous pairs of idle hands in other parts of the house." "Not that the 'primrose by the river's brim' was anything more to either of them than the yellow primrose was to the gentleman in the poem." The subject of the book—the love "passing the love of women" of one boy for another—is so good that one wishes it had fallen into the hands of a more skilful and exercised artist—such an artist as we hope the author of 'Tim' will yet become.

CECILIA DE NOEL.†

The success and the merit of 'Mademoiselle Ixe' rouses a certain interest in the appearance of a novel by its author. "Lanoe Falconer" has to compete with herself, and her new ground is not very happily chosen. There is firmness in the build of the characters, and the dialogue is skilful, yet the book is not a good story like 'Mademoiselle Ixe,' but only a pacing-ground for the various personages. The scene is laid in a country house which has the distinction of being haunted, but the ghost is new-fangled and unsatisfactory, never appears twice in the same guise, and, in fact, only exists for the purpose of showing up the peculiar weaknesses and, strange to tell, the religious faiths of the characters, who each see it in their own way. No one will believe in the ghost. George Atherley, his worthy, literal wife, and the Bishop, are capitally drawn, and there is power in the scene where kind-hearted Mrs. Mostyn develops her Calvinistic views of future punishments, while the voices of the children in the garden are calling to her in full expectation of the readiness of her sympathy, their faith giving the lie to her creed. But Cecilia, whom we have been kept longing to see, is disappointing. That love rules the world is the gospel she has a mission to teach, but why for that reason she should embrace and melt into floods of tears over a ghost—and not a real ghost either—we cannot bring ourselves to comprehend.

* 'Tim.' (Macmillan, 6s.)

† 'Cecilia de Noël.' By Lanoe Falconer. (Macmillan and Co.)

BLANCHE, LADY FALAISE.*

A struggle is at hand, we are told in the beginning of this book, the like of which the world has never seen, for existence and daily bread. But, in spite of variableness and inconstancy, the eternal will survive, and intimately associated with the eternal, it would appear, is "the Norman, the aristocrat, my Lord Falaise." There is a good deal in this strain, and a certain amount of cant about "the instinct and pluck of caste" pulling the hero through situations in which even the low-born need not have been greatly embarrassed. But if these preliminaries put us on the defensive, we are soon disarmed by the real interest of the book. The central figure of Blanche stands out with a certain grandeur of outline. Brought up abroad, with high aspirations fed on "Amiel," mentally exacting and exclusive, her later girlhood is spent in silent revolt against her surroundings in the narrow, selfish, and luxurious life of a Devonshire rectory. She scorns the devotion of young Falaise, as that of a boy unable to enter into her ideal of sacrifice for the poor of the earth, and when Damerle, the eloquent preacher, the saver of souls, offers his love, she accepts it with passionate gratitude. He is her ideal and her hope of emancipation in one. From the moment he betrays her the fervour dies out of her soul. Passionless and resigned, she marries Falaise, is loyal but indifferent to him, to her boys, to life. Only when Damerle's treason has poisoned his own soul and dragged him to disgrace, does the fire awake again. Her struggles then are suggested rather than told. The reader is only admitted half into the secrets of this proud sufferer. When the lightning strikes her by the Calvary on the mountain-path, her soul departs as pure as when Damerle woke its echoes in her girlhood. The unbending rigidity, the obstinacy with which she had said all along, "This life I have dreamed must be mine, or if not this, then no other," go to the making of a character which will stay in our memories. And so also, in a less degree, will the whole group gathered round her—the amiable nobleman; Damerle, who saved others, but could not save himself; his wretched, embittered wife; and the cultivated, easy-going Rector, out of his element in modern religious revivals and philanthropies, but whose nobility comes to the top in great emergencies. This is Mr. Shorthouse's best work since 'John Inglesant,' though the distance between the two is great.

EDWARD LEMAN BLANCHARD.†

This is a very valuable chronicle of Bohemia. It cannot compare with the brilliant reminiscences of Edmund Yates—the best book of the kind ever written. And to those without a genuine interest in the theme it may even seem forbidding, for there is no denying that the plan followed—that of giving a bald diary with very copious notes—is uninviting. But it was plainly the only course open to the editors, and they have done their work with such skill and loving care that the biography will take rank as a supplement to Geneste, and will be consulted by all interested in the literary history of the Victorian period. What Mr. Clement Scott has done is done well; but in justice the palm must be given to Mr. Cecil Howard, whose notes give evidence of incredible knowledge and painstaking. To Blanchard (Leman, not Laman; Laman was no connection)

* 'Blanche, Lady Falaise.' By J. H. Shorthouse. 6s. (Macmillan and Co.)

† 'The Life and Reminiscences of E. L. Blanchard. With Notes from the Diary of Wm. Blanchard.' By Clement Scott and Cecil Howard. With Portraits and Illustrations. Two vols. (Hutchinson.)

his friends have done justice; his many amiable qualities and unbroken, ill-rewarded toil may be seen from every one of these pages. But it is in the vast accumulation of details about persons, places, clubs, books, magazines, and plays that the permanent value of the work consists. Messrs. Hutchinson have done their part with admirable taste. A few slight corrections may be noted. Vol. i., p. 94, for "Lockington" read "Lackington"; p. 182, Dr. Strauss is not living; vol. ii., p. 605, "James" should be "John." Is it correct to say that in 1842 Blanchard was editor of "Chambers's *London* Journal"? Some particulars about Archdeckne would be very welcome. In this short notice we can give no idea of the many amusing stories in this book—as of the debating club where one reasoner described another as combining "the sentiments of a demon and the gestures of an ape." Its melancholy must not be taken too seriously, for in the same page Blanchard says that in his forty-eighth year he had not a day's health, and then goes on to give thanks for the health he had enjoyed. R. B. Brough was something more than "a sad hypochondriac." If for nothing but his verses on Johnson, he deserves to be remembered, and 'Marston Lynch' is superior to at least nine-tenths of present-day novels.

MR. RUSKIN'S POEMS.*

The get up of these volumes is magnificent; paper, type, and binding are of the best, and the illustrations are reproduced with marvellous exactness. Mr. Collingwood has spared no pains on the collection; his only serious error is the omission to allude to Scott in connection with the verses beginning "Twist ye, twine ye; even so." Many of the poems are here printed for the first time, and nearly all are early, the first volume taking us to the end of Mr. Ruskin's sixteenth year, and the second to his twenty-sixth, with a few trifles gleaned from the work of his later life. The precocity of the poet is remarkable; some of the pieces are quite as wonderful and worthless as Thirlwall's *Primitiæ*. Mr. Ruskin has told us that what he thinks best in his manner of writing prose is due to Scott and Byron. The same may be said of his verse, though there are other influences, amongst which that of Beattie may be clearly traced. But there is no poetry in these "poems," and they raise afresh the old question why men capable of poetic prose are so generally incapable of poetry. To the illustrations warm praise must be accorded; nearly all have some striking quality. As to the value of the book as illustrating Mr. Ruskin's life—is not the light thrown on that already too fierce?

The following quatrain, written in 1881, reveals the best and the worst of Mr. Ruskin as a poet:—

"Trust thou thy love. If she be proud, is she not sweet?
Trust thou thy love. If she be mute, is she not pure?
Lay thou thy soul full in her hands, low at her feet—
Fail sin and breath—yet for thy peace *she* shall endure."

AT THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

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did Mr. Jerome ever go out in a boat? Didn't he know that all the young ladies would be running after him? At any rate, here they are. Mr. Jerome has gone back to his dry boards—but the girls still continue to go down to the river in boats and barges, and whatever else they can get hold of, to follow lamely in his wake. It may have been once a side-splitting thing for three people to go up the Thames in a boat, but it has ceased to be a paradox by this time. So let the enterprising fair stay ashore in future, and not risk their precious lives in vain and perilous navigation. I declare that if I saw a boat upset on the Thames to-morrow, I should wait to rescue the occupants until they had promised not to write a book on it. Or else we should have next month, as sure as fate, "Two girls in a boat—and out of it," or, better still, "Two girls in the water and the dog who fetched them out." Save me from such fame!

An essay might be written on the mimetic tendencies of modern literature. Run your eye down a chance list of Mudie's, and it will strike you even in the titles. Here is a novel entitled 'The World and the Cloister.' I envy the man who could, with security, choose that title after having read 'The Cloister and the Hearth.' And here, not far off, are two novels with a striking kinship of nomenclature—'An Australian Girl' and 'Two English Girls.' And, a little further down, to complete this sad list of wall-flowers, is 'A Little Irish Girl.' I will undertake to say that when novelists show so little originality in their titles, one is not morally bound to investigate further. It is pretty certain that there is no more originality inside the cover than outside.

While I am in the mood for trifling with this serious subject, I may mention another feeling that came over me yesterday in perusing Mudie's list. It was one of profound compassion for the number of surplus ladies in this otherwise gay and brilliant party. From a feeling of courtesy, I presume, novelists love to give the title to the heroine, and the consequence is that there is a terrible majority of women on the list. And, even if they overcome their manners and give place to the gentleman, they have no scruple in treating him in a way they would not venture to treat the heroine. They always praise the heroine; they heap her with endearing epithets—'April's Lady' (a man would have been put off with 'April's Fool'), 'Bonnie Kate,' 'A Born Coquette,' 'A Leading Lady,' 'A Maiden Fair to See,' etc., etc. But, if they have chosen a man for their title, they flout and jeer at him in a shameful manner—'A Brummagem Baron,' 'The Bull i' th' Thorn' (a horrid way of describing any man), 'Humbling his Pride,' 'Lover or Friend' (an unfair insinuation), or they ask an unsympathetic question, like 'Was he Justified?' Now, is it right that such different measure should be meted out to the two sexes? For my part, I think not; I look to see men better treated in future. But "too much of this."

Oct. 19th.—Among the batch of books left at my house to-day, I find one more novel on the eternal Irish question. There is no better sign of the way that this question penetrates into our homes and affects our lives than the important place it occupies in fiction—the peculiar literature of domestic comedy and tragedy. 'Naboth's Vineyard,' by E. Somerville and Martin Ross, is a book which is professedly Unionist in its sympathies, and yet is free for the most part from the fanaticisms which must always obscure the partisan outlook on life. Few Irish novelists can describe human beings as they live and move; their characters are generally either demi-gods or demi-devils. Here, however, the normal Irish-American is described as he is—not perpetually fashioning clock-work infernal machines and other vain plots and conspiracies, but merely as a Celt who has acquired by his life across the Atlantic a little more enterprise and capacity than his fellows. Irish politics are treated sympathetically, and the writers bring home to us some of the charm and fascination of the country which, in spite of her poverty and her climate, draws back from beyond seas more of her emigrant sons than any other country in Europe.

Oct. 22nd.—The last batch of books for the month brings me yet another novel from the pen of that voluminous writer, Grant Allen. This book has some curiously unaccountable slips in it; it is surely, for instance, a sign of over-hasty work when you send the children of one of your characters to three different public schools in a year—Marlborough (i. 209), Winchester (i. 184), and Charterhouse (i. 73). And this over-haste in production can be traced throughout, whether in the characters or the episodes. The character of Dumaresq, moulded plainly after that of a great modern philosopher, only required a little more care to make it quite a notable achievement in fiction. But that care is wanting, and consequently we feel it to be an unfinished and inconsistent piece of work. But in spite of all this, Mr. Grant Allen has produced a psychological study of much ingenuity and interest.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

BY an unfortunate misprint in our last issue—the 1st of the month being given as the last day of forwarding MSS. instead of the 15th—very little time was given to "Young Authors" to send in their manuscripts. They will kindly note that in future whatever is received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.

ALBA.—The best of the various things you sent is undoubtedly the song beginning "Limitless Spirit." But what is the meaning of "Thy homeless heart swells and o'erflows in bruited smart"? In "Conformity" there are good lines, and the conception is poetical; but it is spoilt by bad rhymes, by obscurity of phrase, and by an almost entire want of punctuation, which makes of stanzas 5 and 15 nonsense. The first verse of the "Song of the Sun" sounds like Shelley heard in a nightmare. We have failed entirely to discover any meaning in the rhapsody beginning, "Ah! who would bear." As for the "Autologues," this kind of allegorical writing demands great art to relieve it from dulness, and the effect of your dialogues between yourself and your Life is dreary. If you wish to learn to write, you had best bear in mind that to attempt to express the intangible and the vague, which you seem to hanker after, by words which you have not mastered the exact meaning of, and without taking pains to put in practice the ordinary rules of English construction, must end in hopeless bewilderment and in something very unlike poetry.

ALEXIS and HEPTA sent two sonnets each. There is a strong family resemblance between them, and the criticism of one will almost serve for the other. They have both learned the mechanism of the sonnet correctly, and the sentiments expressed are admirable. But admirable sentiments correctly expressed do not make poetry. The artificial form of the sonnet is a great test of force and delicacy of thought. In no other form of poetry is triteness so unendurable. The best of the four is that of Alexis on Doubt. Hepta's on the same subject is, we think, misnamed. In Fate (Alexis) there are some absolutely unintelligible lines, beginning "Now whirl'd" and ending "brightest gleam."

ALPHA.—Your story is flat. There is not a character in it that is clear or life-like. When you are attempting to describe your suspense and terror before the train falls over the bridge, you break off into a mistimed description of Antibes. You end up with a very shadowy love-story between two persons whom you have failed to make the reader interested in. And why did you not "get up" your local knowledge better? Antibes is not in the neighbourhood of Venice.

M. C. B.—Your sketch has some merit, but it is only begun. Something more might be made of the obstinate old Highland man who will not see his neighbour's point.

DIAL.—Your subject, "Love rules the World," would have been more effective had it been treated dramatically. You have contented yourself with making wordy assertions, and the consequence is that we are left unconvinced at the end as to whether Love or Hatred should be the victor.

ERNEST.—Our counsel to Ernest is to make up his mind on what he wants to write about, and to do it, without affectation and without digression. Digressions are for the skilful, and Ernest has not as yet mastered the art of writing simple accurate English.

M. E. FRANCIS.—If you have the power of imagining a story in your mind, or culling it skilfully out of your daily life, there is no doubt you could tell it. Your tale begins very well indeed, and there are great possibilities of interest in it. But why did you not make more of it? Given the painter, the "Madonna," the priest, and the Irish home in the background, why did you spoil all your chances by cutting short the heroine's life in a street accident? We should advise your continuing it from p. 36. It is not graphic and crisp enough for a short sketch, but were you to allow yourself room for the development of character, which you could probably do with some skill, you might make from this beginning something of real merit and interest.

D. B. H.—Your essay on Dido is a careful bit of work, but not

better than an intelligent fifth form girl or boy might be expected to write. Such expressions as "In conformance," "refused to accept a negative reply," might be improved. Your style is rather rigid and pedantic.

T. J.—You have caught something of the manner and a great deal of the mannerism of Wordsworth. Both poems are too unrelieved, too flat, though the contrast of the poor *crétin* and the grandeur of his surroundings in one of them is well expressed. "Uttered forth" is not a happy phrase. Was Ceres' joy really more earthly than the "great Florentine's"?

J. B. HAYE.—Your subject might have been better. Why did you not take Raleigh himself to illustrate a sad survival into an unheroic age? Your verses have good points, and the conception of the "Heroes' Hell" on page 8 is fine. It would be worth your while to learn the rules of punctuation. "An age of finical perfections" is hardly an accurate description of the days of James I.

We do not quite know whether A. L.'s and PHILIP EDEN'S compositions were sent seriously or not. With regard to A. L.'s verses, we can only ask what are "Nature's simple ices"? To a "young author" of fifty-six who uses such enigmatic language we have no advice to offer. Philip Eden's musical sketch might find favour at a Christmas entertainment within the walls of Bedlam; nowhere else, we imagine. Such lines as

> "He's good and jolly, a born administrator,
> A regular square and upright brick, a real first-rater,"

suggest that the sketch may be meant to be humorous. We have not space to tell of a tenth of the errors in English, spelling, and good taste to be found in a single page, but we may point out that "lady" does not rhyme with "baby," nor "Toby" with "hobby." By what grotesque inaptness were Sankey's hymns chosen to fill up the gaps in the writer's fancy?

J. H. M.—You have still a good deal to do before you master the more mechanical part of the story-teller's craft. On p. 4 there is a sentence of such length and complexity as to take one's breath away, while such expressions as "pregnant with sarcastic scorn," "it was sometimes back since," show that you are in want of good models on which to base a correct and simple style. The story, slight as it is, is good in its way, and the difficult situation of the manager at the opening is told with some humour.

NICHOL.—Your sketch is a lively bit of character drawing. The picture of a vulgar-minded, cynical flirt is exaggerated, and for the purposes of the story you have made Jack behave in two instances in an improbable fashion, but much may be forgiven, inasmuch as you are vivacious. The vile English you make use of, such as "representatives of the other sex" for "men" and "nasal organ" for "nose," and the shower of purposeless French words scattered about, have no doubt been carefully selected by you as characteristic of the vocabulary of your heroine.

OLNEY'S essay is very long and prosy. It shows an intelligent appreciation of the poem it deals with, but the forty-one pages might be reduced to one quarter, and yet leave space for all the real substance the paper contains. The essay has doubtless been useful exercise in your study of Wordsworth, but this kind of subject, giving you so many props and crutches in the way of ideas and words, is not very good practice in the art of writing.

G. U. P.'s verses are very unpromising. We should be glad to examine and do full justice to anything he cares to send us in prose form.

AGNETA RIVERS.—We think your verses very promising, considering your age. The most hopeful points about them are, that they are evidently not mere echoes of something you have read, and that you have not allowed the words to run away with you. If you continue to make verses out of your own impressions of life, and take the trouble to use the clearest words you know for your purpose, you may yet do something worth taking trouble for. By-the-bye, your "Sea-port Song" is not a song.

RIVIERA.—"In an Olive Wood" is a pretty enough picture, but slight. Surely there is a slip of the pen in the lines:

> "Content with wondering spell-bound soul to be
> A prisoner in this enchanted state."

TRY AGAIN.—Your "Legend" is not a legend. But it is a praiseworthy attempt at depicting a beautiful and touching scene. The language and the key you have pitched it in are a trifle too sentimental.

T. T. W. sends an excellent essay. It is not exactly the kind of paper that finds ready admittance to a magazine, for it is lengthy, and just a little sombre; but it is, nevertheless, a serious and interesting literary criticism, and T. T. W. expresses himself, if lengthily, at least clearly and with some force.

If W. W. wishes to write it would be well for him to put himself on short rations of words. His paper in 20½ foolscap pages he might reduce to three, and having left his statements standing with all the wrappings taken off, it would be easier for himself and others to see whether they bear examination.

Young authors intending to send MSS. are requested to read carefully the regulations contained in the first number of THE BOOKMAN.

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